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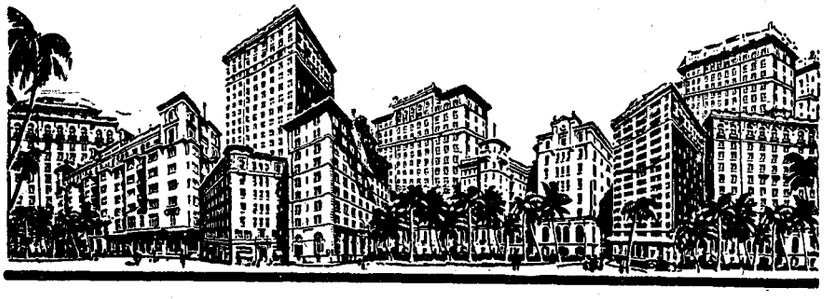

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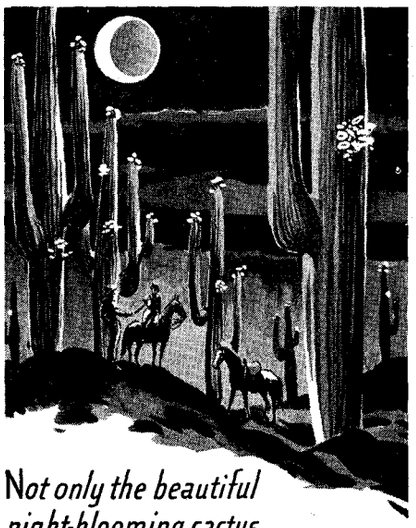

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CORRESPONDENCE

What's a Shill?

Sir:

Your last issue (NEW OUTLOOK, Nov., '34) refers to a certain cabinet member as a *shill.*

What is a shill?

Sincerely,

I. S. HOPKINS,
Madison Springs,
Danielism, Ga.

"Shill" is an American colloquialism which has its origin in the language of American circus people. It is used to describe the man whose business it is to drum up trade for individual side shows by himself, pretending to be a spectator very much interested in the arguments of the barker outside a particular show. His interest in such artivities is supposed to attract the attention of cash customers. The term, with this same meaning, has since come to be widely employed by one whose business it is to attract, and to keep the attention, of players at certain tables in gambling halls.—Ed.

—o—

To Miss an Issue. . . . . .

Sir:

My subscription to the NEW OUTLOOK expired in October, 1934. I overlooked renewing the subscription and wish to thank you for sending the November issue. Enclosed please find three dollars for my renewal subscription for a year. I hope that this will reach you in time for the December issue as we do not like to miss a single copy of this "up-to-the-minute" magazine.

RUTH A. LEWIS,
R. R. #7,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

—o—

Hates Across the Sea

Sir:

My attention has been drawn to your November issue containing an article, "Hates Across the Sea" by Cedric Fowler. In this article a number of allegations are made about me, all of which are based on misinformation. With a view to setting your readers right, I take up each of Mr. Fowler's statements about me in the order in which they were made:

While discussing Mr. Karl Lüdecke, mentioned as a former American correspondent of the German newspaper *Voelkische Beobachter,* Mr. Fowler wrote that I was appointed American representative in Mr. Lüdecke's stead and filled his place as correspondent of the *Voelkische Beobachter.* As a matter of fact I was not so appointed, nor have I filled any German newspaper correspondent's place as a substitute or successor in this country or elsewhere. I never have written for the *Voelkische Beobachter.* As for Mr. Karl Lüdecke, whoever he may be, I never have met him nor heard from him.

Furthermore, Mr. Fowler wrote that I established a newspaper, *Amerika's Deutsche Post,* of which he said I was managing editor, "running the paper from a room in the German Consul General's office in New York." As a matter of fact I did not establish *Amerika's Deutsche Post,* neither did I serve it as an editor, nor did I ever "run" anything from the German Consul General's office.

In the same paragraph Mr. Fowler states that I took charge of the establishment of "The Friends of New Germany," erroneously described by him as "an amalgamation of German-American societies." As a matter of fact I did not take charge of that society, nor was I ever a member of it. If that society ever held meetings with armed and uniformed Storm Troopers present, I did not address them, as intimated by Mr. Fowler.

Having described that society as a Jew-baiting organization, Mr. Fowler proceeded to state that my "style of race hate promotion" through thousands of leaflets roused active protests. As a matter of fact I have no style of race hate promotion, nor have I written or distributed leaflets devoted to race hatred. As the author of several books, of many magazine articles, and of more newspaper correspondence than I care to recall, I challenge any one to find a single passage breathing race hatred in any of my writings.

Because of those alleged protests against me, Mr. Fowler would have your readers believe that Germany's Propaganda Minister, Herr Goebbels, was forced to recall me to Germany for further instructions, as a result of which, so Mr. Fowler imagines, my tone was slightly modified.

As a matter of fact I never was recalled to Germany, nor have I ever been subject to call or recall by Herr Goebbels or any other German official. Never have I received any instructions from Propaganda Minister Goebbels, with whom I have had no acquaintance or correspondence.

After referring to an alleged conference between me and Herr Goebbels, which actually never happened, Mr. Fowler stated that my "tone was slightly modified," explaining that my vocabulary as a lecturer was "diluted with more genteel expressions," but that the "underlying purpose of hate remained." As a matter of fact I have delivered no public lecture within a twelvemonth. When I did lecture in former years I had no underlying purpose of hate, nor was there ever occasion to make my vocabulary more genteel than it was already.

Concluding his remarks about me, Mr. Fowler wrote that under my direction Mr. Royal Scott Gulden, a leader of the

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I don't care *whether you're nineteen or ninety ---whether you're sick or well --- whether you think that your best days are behind or still ahead*

Robt. G. Jackson, M. D., at 76

At 50, he was crippled with arthritis, half blind from Glaucoma, near death from blood pressure and a worn out heart, and given less than four months to live. He not only fought off death, but, at 65, he won a $1,000 first prize for bodily perfection against all comers of all ages. Today, at 76, he is a tireless writer, lecturer and business man, works eighty-five hours weekly—never holidays, yet literally never tires. Born to a heredity of early death and chronic sickness, he now defies disease to attack him, and has not had so much as a cold in over twenty years. Vital tests used by insurance companies actually rate him a man of 35. Barring accident, he sincerely expects to live at least another quarter century.

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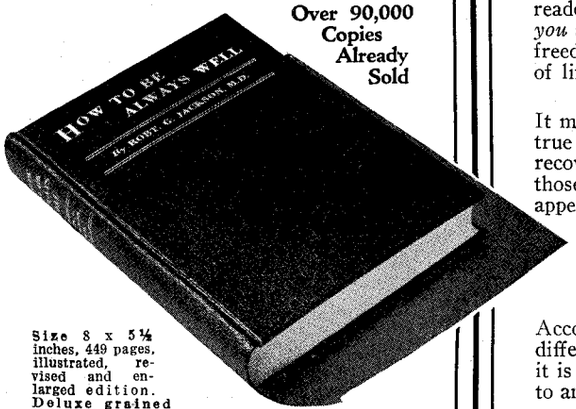

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I will show you a new way to live—a way that will banish sickness, add 25 to 50 years to your life, and bring you the vitality and vigor of youth.

You're probably one of those who think that advancing years must take most of the joy from life, that you must expect an increase of sickness and nerves and tiredness, that age will inevitably force you to give up many of the things you most enjoy, reduce your quota of energy and vim, and cut down your capacity for enthusiastic work or zestful play. That is *not* the case, however. Age is *not* a matter of years. It is a state of mind and a state of health. In my own case, vital tests used by insurance companies actually rate me a man of 35. I walk ten miles a day and can run five miles in forty-seven minutes. I can do anything the average twenty-two year old can do, and do it better. I am *not* old even though I am seventy-six. And all that becomes more remarkable when you consider that twenty-six years ago, at 50, I *was* an "old" man, given less than four months to live by eminent fellow physicians.

"Natural health through natural living habits leading to a natural immunity from disease."

That is the key-note of the regimen which transformed me from a dying crippled wreck at fifty, won me "Physical Culture Magazine's" $1,000 grand prize for bodily perfection against all comers at 65, and now, at 76, keeps me one of the most active, vigorous men in the world. It is the philosophy which has kept me immune to disease—even colds, for a quarter of a century, which has opened up an entirely new life for over 90,000 readers of my book, "How To Be Always Well," and which holds the key *you* are looking for if you are interested in mental and physical keenness, freedom from sickness and disease and twenty-five to fifty extra years of life.

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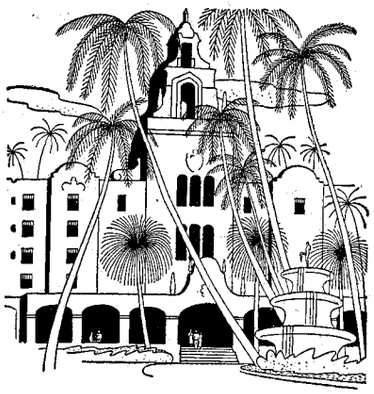

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"Order of '76," met in conference with Mr. William Dudley Pelley, commander of the "Silver Shirts," to work out anti-Semitic attacks under the slogan: "Kill the nearest Jew!" As a matter of fact I never met Mr. Pelley in conference or otherwise, nor did I in any way direct those gentlemen in anti-Semitic attacks, no matter under what slogan. . . . I beg you in fairness to publish my correction of Mr. Fowler's misapprehensions concerning me.

Yours very truly,
EDWIN EMERSON,
New York.

The editors of NEW OUTLOOK acknowledge Mr. Emerson's letter and publish it without guaranteeing the veracity of any of the statements contained therein and with the following notations and information concerning the writer:

While Mr. Emerson is emphatic in denying that he ever "ran anything from the German Consul General's office in New York," the information files of the New York Police Department disclose that Mr. Emerson's former New York address was 17 Battery Place—19th Floor, which is the headquarters of the German Consul in New York.

In regard to Mr. Emerson's disclaimer that he ever received any instructions from Propaganda Minister Goebbels, and further in regard to his denial that he ever had any acquaintance or correspondence with the German Propaganda Minister, other documentary evidence discloses that on February 3, 1934, that he had an appointment at the Munich Brown House (headquarters of the N.S.D.A.P.) and that three days previous to this he reported that he had been received personally by Minister of Propaganda Paul Joseph Goebbels, and that during his stay in Berlin he was under the personal care of Dr. Goebbels.

Seventeen days after the February 3rd appointment Emerson spoke from Berlin over the German Government Propaganda Short Wave Wireless Station (4.83 meters) and delivered Nazi propaganda talk (9:45 P.M. New York time, February 20th, 1934).

The same documentary source discloses the information that Mr. Emerson returned from Germany April 20th, 1934; that on April 24th, 1934, his luggage was still at the *German Consul General's* office in New York, and that on April 26th, 1934, he disbanded The Friends of Germany, which NEW OUTLOOK in the article complained of referred to, erroneously, as The Friends of *New* Germany.

Quoting further from the NEW OUTLOOK source material on Mr. Emerson:

"July, 1933 (et seq.) — Emerson mails to American newspapers a large clip sheet containing pro-Nazi propaganda.

"November 13, 1933 — Emerson edits German propaganda pamphlet and orders one Heiss to print it. Also transmits to Heiss a copy of an anti-Jewish leaflet by the Rev. Francis Gross and orders 2,000 copies printed."

Further details on the activities of Mr. Emerson are provided in testimony given under oath before the Special Committee on Un-American Activities of the Seventy-third Congress, House of Representatives. The witness on the stand is Carl C. Dickey, a member of the New York Publicity firm of Carl Byoir and Associates, who it had been reported were retained to publicize travel opportunities in Germany. Representative Dickstein is conducting the examination for the Committee:

Mr. Dickstein: Now, will you please tell this committee what Government exhibit No. 13 is, which deals with a pamphlet, apparently, which I believe you testified you have distributed in this country, dealing with church and state in Germany? What has that to do with the railroad, traveling of people from here into Germany?

Mr. Dickey: It really did not have anything to do with it.

Mr. Dickstein: Certainly not.

Mr. Dickey: But Colonel Emerson asked me to send that out, and kept pressing me to send that out, and I mailed it with other material.

Mr. Dickstein: Did you read that particular document?

Mr. Dickey: Yes, sir; I glanced through it.

Mr. Dickstein: Did you know that it was being printed by the Friends of New Germany, 17 Battery Place?

Mr. Dickey: I assumed it was.

Mr. Dickstein: Not that you assumed it. Did you know that it was as a matter of fact?

Mr. Dickey: Yes, sir.

Mr. Dickstein: And did you not know that 17 Battery Place was the German Consulate?

Mr. Dickey: Yes.

Mr. Dickstein: And did you not know that the gentleman you referred to as Dr. Emerson had an office in that particular building?

Mr. Dickey: Yes.

Mr. Dickstein: Did you make any inquiry why they picked you out to mail the particular document of Church and state that had nothing to do with your contract at all?

Mr. Dickey: We were moderately friendly with him and he had permitted me to mail out other things under his name.

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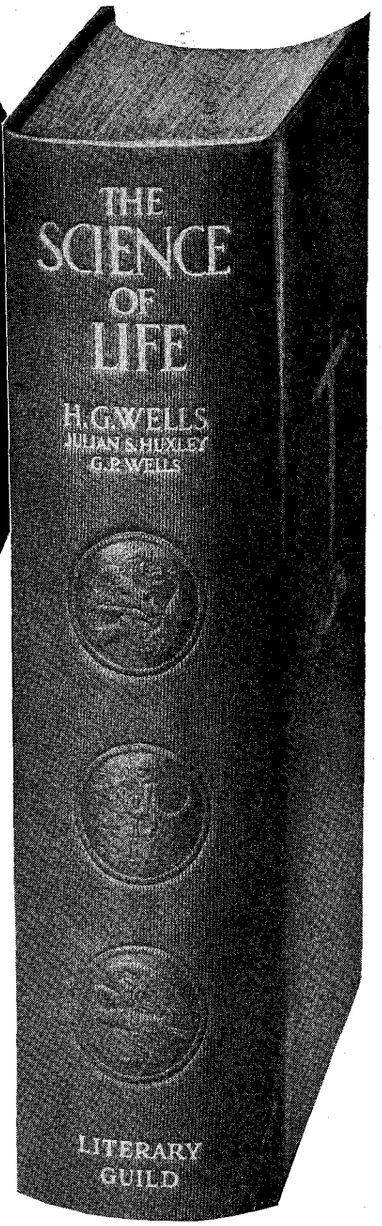

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Mr. Emerson in his letter makes no reference to a statement made in the November issue of NEW OUTLOOK to the effect that:

"On November 7, 1933, Colonel Edwin Emerson was engaged by the Reich Propaganda Ministry as 'Representative of the National Socialist Party's interest' in the United States."

On November 8, 1933, there appeared in the daily newspapers of the United States a dispatch, under Berlin date line, which was a report of the official announcement from the press section of the Nazi Government that "Colonel Edwin Emerson, a New York clubman, has been named representative of the Party's interests in the United States."

Junius D. Wood, Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News,* in cabling this official announcement to his newspaper, made the comment that this announcement "revives unpleasant memories for many Americans who served overseas during the World War."—Ed. ——o——

Back to the Kitchens

Sir:

Following publication in NEW OUTLOOK (Oct., '34) of "Return of a Lady," a most significant item of foreign news states that, "Mussolini's newest plan is to eliminate women from industry and to relegate them to their biological functions." A social program along the same lines has also been instituted in Germany, in subsidizing women who gave up industrial jobs for that of motherhood. Ex-Prem. Lloyd George, in an article says: "In February, 1933, the unemployed in Germany numbered 6,000,000, today they stand at 2,436,000, a reduction in eighteen months of 60 per cent. Here is a solid result that calls for investigation." If this proposal is worthy of serious thought in conservative, practical England—why not more so in progressive, and far more mechanized America?

The most commonly proposed remedy for this surplus of labor is to reduce the work hours of men, and women, and children. But this is only a superficial palliative. It fails to take into account that Nature has specialized the sexes and adapted them to different functions, which functions cannot be delegated. Attempts to ignore this Natural Law are doomed to social disaster—as proved by millions of demoralized unemployed graduates from our universities, colleges, and schools.

Having rescued our children from exploitation of commercial greed, it behooves us now to extend protection to the mothers and potential mothers of the Nation. Especially as, by gradual elimination of the unnatural competition of the sexes in productive labor, we would, without social shock, solve our major social problem—unemployment.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM H. SMYTH,
Berkeley, Calif.

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"Who sees the trends anticipates the news"

Things to Watch

"Who sees the trends anticipates the news." This month the Editors have looked again into such a variety of subjects as the future of the growing youth movement; the high promise of controlled group research in medicine; the effect of strict nationalization of crime prevention, and the developing fight between Diesel and steam for new speeds on the rails.

Try this test: Read the articles listed in the adjoining column. Observe then your wider, involuntary interest in the daily news as it develops, and your deeper pleasure in proving your own advance knowledge of the world course of events.

Your attention has been directed particularly to four articles. However, the same observation may be made about every other subject on the page.

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JANUARY, 1935

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Volume 165 Number 1

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"... But smooth the road and make easy the way (between East and West), and see what an influx of articles will be poured upon us; how amazingly our exports will be increased... and how amply we shall be compensated..."—George Washington to Governor Harrison of Virginia, 1784.

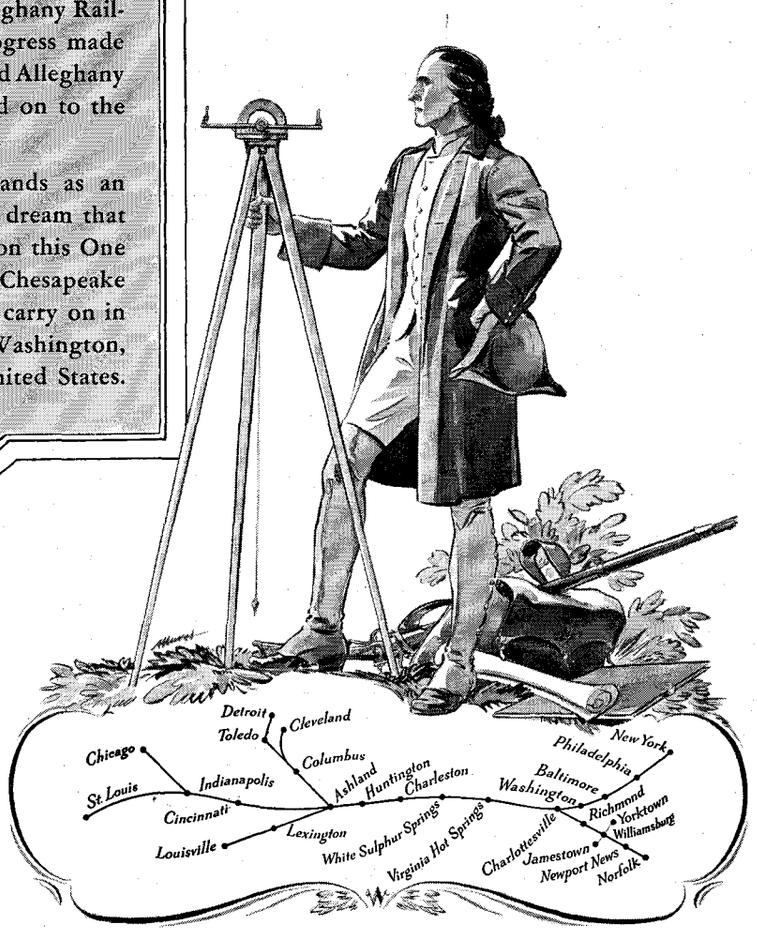
Engendered by his youthful explorations of the West... matured through many years of practical statesmanship . . . George Washington's magnificent dream of a transportation system uniting East and West received its first practical impetus in 1785, when the James River Company came into being. He was its first president.

Time marched onward. The canals and roads of the James River Company passed in their entirety to the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad Company. The wheel of progress made another turn and the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad and its properties passed on to the Chesapeake and Ohio Lines.

Today Chesapeake and Ohio stands as an enduring monument to the great dream that was George Washington's. And on this One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, Chesapeake and Ohio pledges itself anew to carry on in the progressive spirit of George Washington, first great expansionist of the United States.

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

1785-1935



George Washington's Railroad

CHESAPEAKE and OHIO Lines

Original Predecessor Company Founded by George Washington in 1785

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NEW OUTLOOK

EDITORIAL

Panic Party

MEN IN DIFFICULTY think differently. They think differently, not only one from another, but under stress they also tend to think contrary to the dictates of their consciences, contrary to their schooled system of thought, and contrary to the system of their breeding and kind.

This truism, if we examine its springs in reason, explains the complete renunciation by the elected leaders of the Democratic Party of their pledges of the 1932 campaign; and it also explains the confusion which attends the present effort of the Republican Opposition in seeking a possibly successful, if not logical, position to take in any coming struggle to regain its former political supremacy.

Both actions have been undertaken at a time when mankind is seeking to climb, in panic, out of a sand-pit; and in the circumstances neither should be held accountable for its awkwardness. But in the last analysis it should be remembered that the Emergency, made an excuse for everything else, should not be made an excuse for cheating upon fundamental issues.

Up until the crisis of the Depression, America and her blessed residents had been deluded for many years into the belief that her success in the experiment with democracy was due to the counter-balancing effect of two parties with different names. Under the enervating influence of this the two major parties, in principles and thoughts, had grown closer and dangerously closer together. It was the great political opportunity inherent in this situation which Mr. Roosevelt seized upon to achieve his success of 1932. The trick was done with the magic words "New Deal" and "Forgotten Man," symbols having no association with the thoughts and practices of the party which was then made to espouse them.

The effect of these New Deal policies in operation has been measured solely by eyes which reflect alone visions of panic and terror. Their seeming acceptance by the people as a whole has impressed not only those who have sponsored them but also those of the logical Opposition. It is largely this situation which inspires so much of the agitated talk about "liberalization," about America's crying need to establish the major Opposition Party to the Left, not to the Right, of the President's Party.

What is proposed, therefore, is to chart a new course upon the reactions, preferences and predilections of men in a panic. A starving man, a man faced with the consequences upon himself and upon his family of overwhelming catastrophe, forced under those circumstances to accept government charity, is not by that action voting a personal belief in a system of collectivism. He remains, with his fingers crossed, the most rugged of rugged individualists. A tenant farmer of the South with starving children and taxes unpaid, voting for the extension of the Bankhead cotton control plan, cannot possibly presuppose a sudden, overnight mass acceptance of our Mr. Wallace's extreme and abstruse philosophy.

When and if America definitely emerges from the Depression we must therefore expect to see one more violent about-face by the New Dealers. It is the price which we must pay for political opportunism. But to that price there should not be added the consequences of the destruction of a safe and sane Opposition.—F. W.

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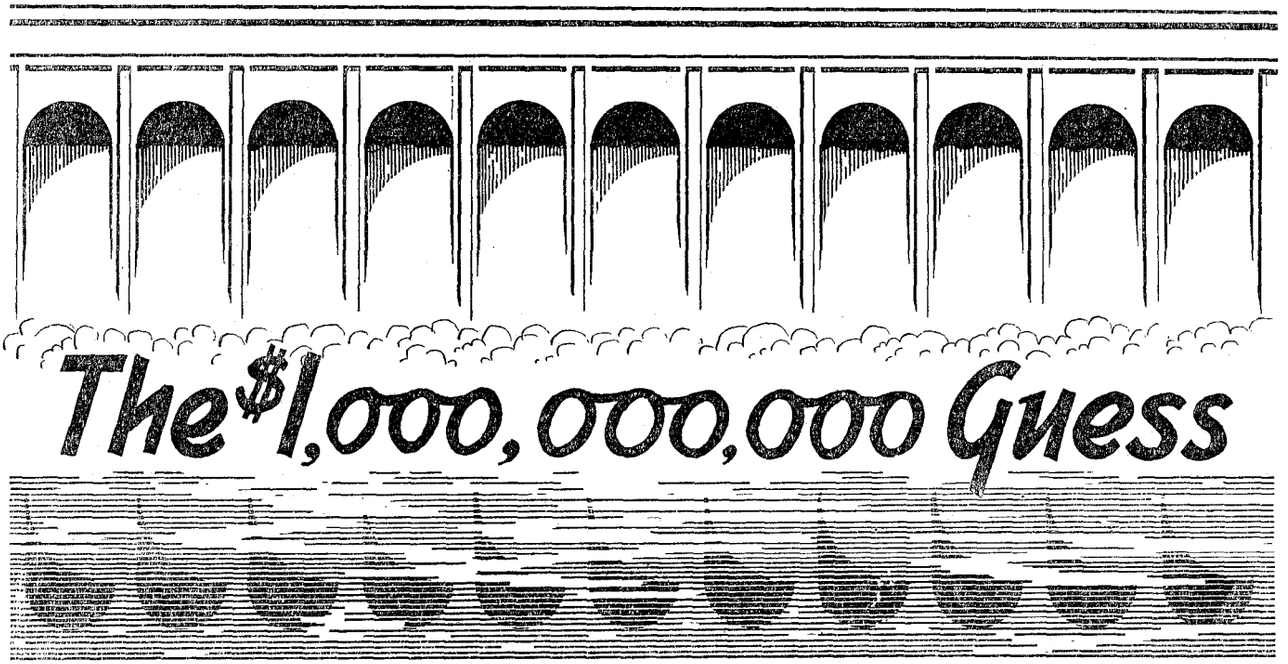

by Herbert Corey

Ignoring all past failures of government in business and the interests of millions of share-holders, the planners at Washington add hourly to schemes for weaving a national electric web, which can be measured only by a strange rubber yardstick. By the use of this dishonest gauge, Mr. Corey says, hidden items will be moved from your light bill to your tax bill.

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THE TENNESSEE VALLEY ADVENTURE might be renamed the Billion Dollar Guess. More is known about it and less known of it than of any other of the day's great experiments in applied alphabetics. No one even suspects how much it is going to cost. One guess, frequently heard, of a billion dollars might be countered by a lower figure. But the lower figure would also be a guess. Through the spectacles of Dr. Arthur E. Morgan it is a dramatization of Paradise Valley with contented farmers yoohooing to each other from the hilltops at dusk. That might be cheap at a billion dollars. Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan sees it as the future source of enough chemical fertilizer to grow corn on all the Bald Knobs of the Alleghanies. David E. Lilienthal looks on the Valley as the scene of a *corrida de toros,* in which he is triumphantly spearing the public utilities bulls. The residents of the Valley seem to be pleased with the costly activities spread before their eyes, but remain cynical. They recall to mind the family of the young lady in the poem " 'oo ran awye to London for to 'ide her ghastly shyme:

"They tykes the champygne wine she sends 'em but they nuvver can forget."

But this is to be a sincere effort to look at the unpublicised side of the Tennessee Valley Adventure, to be read in full recognition of the fact that the writer is congenitally hostile to seraphim and cherubim and would rather make his own tune with a jew's-harp than be a disciplined member even of a heavenly choir. He regretfully admits that even if all the good things that are promised come to pass in the Tennessee Valley he would rather live in places where there is not so much benevolence. In the Valley he would be in constant fear that he might be summoned to put on his lace pants and play the dulcimer before the Authority. Allowance must be made for this morbid attitude.

The Adventure had its genesis in President Roosevelt's extraordinary ability to harness an emotion to a plough. He can cross a butterfly with a honey bee and retain the loveliness of the one and get the honey of the other. Ever since the day when Pershing got home with his medals, United States Senator George W. Norris and other liberals have urged that something be done with the wartime dam built at Muscle Shoals. Nothing was done until 1933, partly because the potential power of the Tennessee River was not needed and partly because the costly nitrate plant attached had been out of date almost from the day of com-

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pletion. Then President Roosevelt localized his vision of the more abundant life in the Valley, and Congress granted the necessary legislation. At the time little was said of the creation of a yardstick by which could be measured the cost of producing electric current by water power but the picture that caught the popular fancy was that in which the Tennessee Valley watershed was shown as salvaged at last.

There are 2,000,000 people living on the watershed. The hills had been ruthlessly stripped of trees during the lumbering era and the light soil was being washed away. If the process of erosion were not checked, Dr. A. E. Morgan's statement that "in a few years there would be only a few peasants wandering over the hills with their sheep" might have come true. The great plan in its first inception seemed wholly admirable. It was to save the hills, save the soil, save the people, bring in cottage industries which would divert the manpower from profitless agriculture and make available electric power and light by means of water-driven turbines. Only an occasional frightening suggestion reached the public, as when Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell declared that the Adventure was: "A deliberate turning toward the future, the commitment to an ideal. Its success may depopulate cities------!"

It was frankly an experiment from the start. President Roosevelt emphasized that it was not an emergency measure but was to be a continuing operation. The governing statutes provided for the creation of a Tennessee Valley Authority almost unhampered by any limitation of its prospective activities and with $5,000,000 in cash to go on and a $50,000,000 bond issue to be sold if the time should ever come when no more money was to be procured direct from the Federal Treasury. George W. Norris wrote into the bill a provision that practical politics should be kept out of the Adventure, and that the members of the Authority should be men who professed belief in its practicability. Perhaps the oddest fact in the whole farrago is that these naïve demands have been met. Not even Postmaster General Farley has been able to break through the barricade against politicians, and the three members of the Authority go far beyond mere belief. It is not faith but ecstasy that possesses them.

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The two Morgans are elderly, saintly enthusiasts. Both have been successful in life, both have been college presidents and both attach more importance to the things of the spirit than to material dross. This is said in no carping mood. They are admirable men, with just that touch of fanatic zeal in their makeup which is needed in all movements of reform, and possessed of a tense, quivering, stringy energy. Lilienthal is compact, dark, in his thirties, likable, and a baiter of the utilities. He has something of the Donald R. Richberg manner. Both are smooth, sincere and seemingly fair. Little by little the Tennessee Valley picture has changed under Lilienthal's deft management. It is now less colorful and romantic than at the beginning. In the foreground is Mr. Lilienthal beating a knowledge of the facts of life into the utilities. One regretfully reports that he has stolen the show. Those who are watching the experiment are centering their attention nowadays on the cost of kilowatt hours rather than on the adaptability of the Tennessee mountaineers to the higher life.

When President Roosevelt visited the Tennessee Valley in November, 1934, electricity was being produced and sold by the TVA. In the city of Tupelo, Mississippi, in which according to an official statement the "performance is taken as illustrative of the practical execution of the power policy and program developed by the TVA," the reduction in rates to residential customers averaged 55 per cent, to commercial customers 58 per cent and to industrial customers 46 per cent. There had been an increase in the number of customers and in individual usage of current. Taking the average residential use of electricity per customer as 100 over the United States, the Tupelians were using 137. The city of Tupelo, on entering into the contract with the TVA, cut its wholesale costs for current from an index of 31 to an index of approximately 19. After a short period it was out of the red and making a reasonable profit in its operations. Similar results were reported elsewhere. In return for these advantages the contracting municipalities had conceded sweeping supervisory powers to the TVA on methods, prices and accounting.

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"This public operation" said Mr. Lilienthal, "is to serve as a yardstick by which to measure the fairness of electric rates." "The power policy represents an attempt to regulate public utilities not by quasi-judicial commissions but by competition. The lessons which experience may teach —may be adapted and applied to other parts of the country." President Roosevelt was so well pleased that he declared the yardstick would soon be in use in all of the forty-eight states. One of the three members of the Authority was quoted by a newspaperman as almost shivering with delight when he heard this. "I had rather," he said loudly enough for the newspaperman to hear, "have heard that statement from the President than have been shown all the kingdoms of the earth."

There is a slight ambiguity in that, for the Biblical character who was taken up into a high place and shown the kingdoms was in bad company at the time. But that is an aside. Those who heard the President and listened to the Authority came away with the decided impression that it was the Administrative intent to compel privately owned utilities everywhere to abide by rules similar to those laid down by the Authority, and that the cost of hydraulically producing and honestly distributing electricity had been effectually determined in the Tennessee Valley. The fact is that nothing of the kind has been done. Once more the quickness of the hand has deceived the eye. What President Roosevelt was invited to look at in the City of Tupelo was the cost of current to the municipality at the city gates, and the charge made by the municipality to the users. No attempt was made to discover what it is costing the Tennessee Valley Authority to produce that power.

That is the all important factor to be considered in setting up a yardstick. No one will bother to deny that the United States government, backed by 126,000,000 persons who pay more or less tax, and led by men of great and seemingly sincere purpose, can undersell any privately owned company anywhere on anything. If a Livery Stable Authority were to be set up tomorrow and Dr. Rexford Tugwell were again to turn deliberately toward the future, the government could board mules and keep goats in the alley at a rate no competitor could touch. But if the cost of that enterprise to the government were to be considered, the humble little man spitting tobacco juice at a stove in the next alley might be able to undersell the gov-

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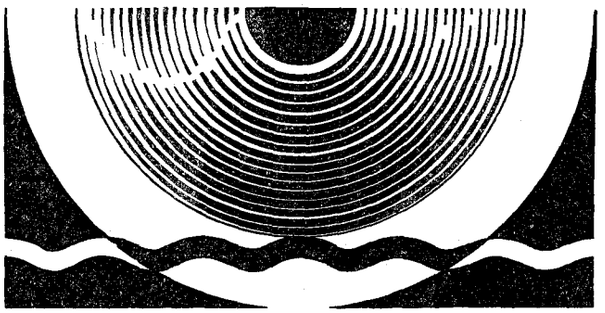
ernment and make a profit.

The fact is that no one can know the cost of making electricity in the Tennessee Valley. This statement applies as well to the members of the Authority as to such leaders of privately owned utility interests as Wendell L. Wilkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, which is directly under the TVA fire, and Paul S. Clapp of the Columbia Gas and Electric company. Both men have said that: "If private utilities were given the same financial favors that the TVA is receiving from the government private utilities could undersell the TVA every time."



But no one knows what is in the hidden hand. Benevolence, evangelism and business are inextricably mingled in the Billion Dollar Guess. If all the costs of putting an end to erosion, building dams, replanting the devastated hills with trees, replacing tallow candles with 40-watt bulbs in the hill cottages, controlling floods and improving navigation, if and when boats run on the river, are to be charged against a great social experiment then the actual cost of making electricity at the turbines becomes almost negligible.

But even the TVA admits that unless floods are controlled, erosion checked and hills again clad with trees the program for producing electricity is as distant from sordid practicality as a maiden's dream. The sticking point is that the TVA does not agree with its critics as to the sums properly chargeable against these features of the plan. It seems certain that each entry on the TVA's books must always remain a potential cause of controversy. It is difficult to see how honest men divided in views can ever agree upon the precise length or permanence of the yardstick. In an official release to the press the TVA asked and answered a question:

"How were the rates for electricity computed?" We ask and receive the answer, "These were computed to cover all costs of furnishing service and are based on the Board's policy that as soon as its business is well established Muscle Shoals shall be entirely self supporting."

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No indication has been given officially, however, as to what are "all costs" referred to. The inquirer is compelled to register his guess as against the guess made by the TVA. The first charge against capital is, of course, for the construction of dams for the impounding of the water which is to turn the turbines which are to furnish the current. One such dam is already in existence. During the war the Wilson Dam was built at Muscle Shoals at a cost of approximately $150,000,000. The Authority shows a disposition to disregard this as chargeable against capital, on the apparent ground that the money has already been spent. Yet the Wilson Dam is a part of the great whole the Authority is planning, and if a private utility company were to be substituted for the Authority it is certain that the government would demand payment for it and the company would pay. If the Wilson Dam were not now in existence the Authority would be compelled to build it. Due and full allowance being made for the extra costs of wartime, Wilson Dam must still be charged against the Authority at not less than $50,000,000.

Two other dams are now in the course of construction. The Norris Dam it is estimated will cost about $34,000,000, and the Wheeler dam about $38,000,000. A $3,000,000 transmission line is being built to link the three, which brings the initial capital cost up to $125,000.000. These are all official figures. But the dam building does not stop here. "Projected are two storage dams and two run-of-the-river dams. Locations are still indefinite." So indefinite, in fact, that Chairman Morgan in a press release speaks of "about ten dams below the Norris dam on the main Tennessee River," in addition to dams on the Hiwassee River and the French Broad. There is no suggestion as yet as to the possible cost of the ten dams—or maybe the fourteen dams—which will go to make up the complete system. That they will all be needed, however, is made quite clear by Chairman Arthur E. Morgan.

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"By developing the water power of the Tennessee River as a single great coördinated system, storing water in a series of headwater dams during the rainy season and releasing it to the dams below during the dry season power can be developed at a less cost than by independent projects." That seems obvious. "Such a system of dams will permit a steady flow of water for power production the year around. It would be possible for any one of the TVA's efficient engineers at this point to make a fairly accurate guess at the cost of building the ten—or maybe the fourteen dams—which are to complete the project. My own guess would not be worth a nickel. Nothing has yet been said of the length or height of the various dams or the weight of dangerous water to be impounded in each. But the calculations here take on an intricacy which has baffled not only more or less friendly onlookers but the TVA itself.

What proportion of the cost of protecting the hill slopes is to be charged to the cost of the dams?

Unless the hills are protected from erosion the reservoirs behind the dams will be filled with silt in, say, twenty-five years. The conditions behind each dam site differ materially from those behind each other dam. Some are now protected by forests on the slopes and others are backed by rock surfaces and still others lie at the foot of hills covered by loose and washable soil. The checking of erosion would be a worthy project even if there were no dams to be protected. It is, however, regretfully suggested that if there were no dams there would be no cure for erosion suggested. Most of this land has an original and uneroded value ranging from twenty-five cents to five dollars an acre. Farming land, according to Dr. Morgan, is often as steep as the pitch of a house roof. There are few and phenomenally poor roads. It will be freely admitted that if erosion were not checked the Tennessee River would alternate between roaring spate and blowing dust. But no one offered to do anything about it until the TVA was created. It is unlikely that the seven states, which have more or less proprietary interests in the

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Valley, would ever have done anything about it, the difficulties to be met in coördinating effort and the need for money in what are apparently more productive enterprises being evident. But if the slopes were not protected the dam system would be useless in a short time. All this has been admitted in a government release to the press: "The building of dams would be transitory gestures unless coupled with reforestation and other steps to check destructive soil erosion in the contributing basins. The effective storage capacity of dams is prematurely affected by the washing of silt into the reservoirs."

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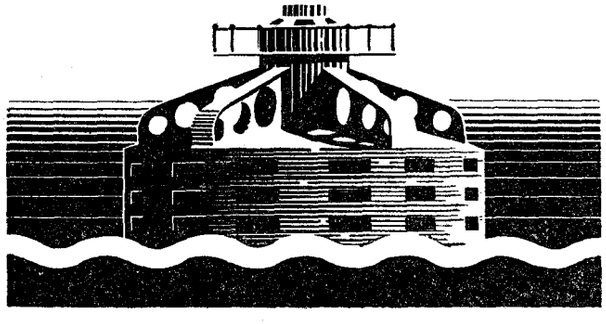
The statement continues with a recapitulation of the activities of the TVA, which include the planting of almost 3,000,000 trees and the construction of 59,000 gully dams and the placing of mats on more than a quarter of a million square yards of washed surface. If these costs are charged against the hydraulic system then the cost of energy at the turbines must be very materially increased. It is fair to say they would not be incurred were it not for the needs of the dams. This work has only begun. There are 40,000 square miles in the immediate area and each square yard must be protected if the dams are to be saved. I am at a loss to discover how the yardstick operates here. Yet unless a fair and honest charge is made by the TVA for the share which should be sustained by the electric enterprise of the costs of checking erosion then the cost of producing electric current must always remain a matter for debate and guessing.

Boats do float on the Tennessee River. But to make it of practical usefulness for navigation it must be in effect canalized, with a series of locks and dams. The United States has before its collective eyes convincing evidence that water borne freight is carried at a loss both to the operator of the fleet and the competing railroads. On the Mississippi River the boats of the Inland Waterways Corporation are hard at work when they can get work to do. The government bought this fleet after the war, the customary governmental charge-off of most of the original investment was made, money was furnished free of interest and as a Federal enterprise it was free of the greater part of the tax burden a privately owned fleet would carry. It has been notably well managed by a general of the U.S. Army, who has kept it free from politics and graft. It can and does interfere with the business of the railroads in its territory, although they are heavy taxpayers and the Inland fleet is not. Yet it has always been deep in the red.

With this and other instances in mind, it is as certain as judgment day that no privately owned capital could be induced to embark on river freight carrying, in competition with the railroads. A government financed enterprise, designed for the presumable relief of the inhabitants of a designated area, can only be carried on at the cost of the general taxpayer. The only apparent reason why the TVA should favor the investment of a large sum of government money in the improvement of navigation on the Tennessee River is that in this way the policy of public ownership can be carried a step further. No evidence has been offered that either the present freight business in the Valley or the prospective freight business is sufficient to justify the use of a great sum to provide competition with existing facilities. On the other hand, if the dams built to further the production of hydraulic power are provided with locks for barge lifting the charge-off of a large part of the investment is made possible, with a consequent lowering of the apparent investment in the power production business.



Something more than guesswork is needed to establish the proportion of the TVA investment properly chargeable against erosion control and the improvement of navigation. Nothing more than guesswork is possible at the moment because of the nature of the TVA's bookkeeping. Yet the Authority should recognize that a yardstick created by methods which are subject to scrutiny which is certainly cynical in tone must fail in the end to win public confidence. It is not fair play to center attention on the rates at which the TVA sells electricity and remain oblivious to the cost of producing the current. In one of the official releases the statement is made that "public control over rivers will produce cheap electricity." If this statement is true it can be proven. If it is not true that fact can be demonstrated by impartial inquiry. And if it is not true, then the announced hope that "the principles and methods evolved here can be applied on a larger scale" elsewhere, becomes an unjustifiable attack on the $13,000,000,000 utility industry, in which 3,000,000 persons—not allowing for untraceable duplications of names on the books—are bond and shareholders.

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Unfortunately the outsider is forced to approach any statement made by the T.V. Authority with a certain cynicism. This is not a suggestion that the Messrs. Morgan and Lilienthal lack probity in their dealings with the public. Even the slightest acquaintance must convince that they are honest enthusiasts. But they are not engineers engaged in an effort to determine in the public interest whether a yardstick can be set up by which the costs of electrical production can be measured, but evangelists highly resolved to prove that such a yardstick will work. Black is black to their eyes when discovered in the affairs of a privately owned utility, but a fleckless white when found in their own. They have repeatedly and bitterly criticised utility men for their efforts at winning popular friendship through the press. A typical statement is this by Mr. Lilienthal:

"Nor have the people forgotten the disgraceful story . . . of the propaganda activities of the electric industry. There never has been a bolder attempt or a more nearly successful one to control the public opinion. That program of propaganda was directed at the very heart of the American system of democracy."

The TVA has been doing the same thing, of course. Its press releases have been numerous and well written. Its very capable press agents are headed by the extremely competent George O. Gillingham, once of the *Path-*

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finder magazine. But it would be very interesting to learn how much money has been spent on publicity by the TVA through other than the official press room channels. No more direct effort to influence popular opinion was ever made by the private utilities than that by which the TVA procured the publication of sixteen handsomely illustrated pages in the December 1934 issue of the *Journal of the National Educational Association.* These pages were written by Walter E. Myer, editor of the *American Observer,* and were editorially recommended to the school teachers who subscribe to the *Journal* for use in their classrooms. The definite statement was made that the series had been worked out in coöperation with the TVA. Mr. Myers spent weeks in the Tennessee Valley. Before the series was published Dr. Joy Elmer Morgan, editor of the *Journal,* was asked: "How much are you going to pay the correspondent for writing it?"

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"I do not know," said Dr. Morgan. "The TVA is taking care of that. It will be a matter of bargaining between the correspondent and the Authority."

Mr. Walter E. Myers may have had no part in the bargaining and his check may have come to him directly from the *Journal.* But the definite arrangement was that the TVA should pay for the work of the man who wrote for publication in the *Journal,* which goes to almost every alert American school teacher, of a series which should cover every phase of the adventure in the Valley, for use in the moulding of the minds of America's school children. I am unable to find any shade of difference between this action by the TVA and the propaganda activities on the part of the utilities of which the TVA complains. Yet I am as sure as I am of anything in this life that the Messrs. Morgan and Lilienthal would be shocked at a suggestion that the TVA pot is as black as the utilities kettle. Not only would they not believe such a thing, but they are actually incapable of believing it.

Not only is the capital structure of the Tennessee Valley Adventure of debatable dimensions, but the every day cost of operation is questioned by men who should be experts. It will be admitted that they may suffer from prejudice. Mr. Lilienthal has stated with pride that although the TVA is authorized by law to build competing lines if that is necessary to get its current into desirable territory not a mile of such line has yet been built. He did not go so far in frankness as to state that the reason why no competing lines have been built is that the owners of the existing circuits have been forced to sell the properties desired by the TVA to the TVA or see their lines parallelled. A certain pique on the part of the ex-owners is understandable.

Mims Thomason has written that "nothing short of a miracle" could have kept the voters of Knoxville from voting a bond issue with which to purchase the electric system for a hook-up with TVA. The main offices of the Authority are at Knoxville and in the two months preceding the election which "makes Knoxville the most heavily indebted city per capita in the state and probably in the entire South," more than $1,000,000 was spent there for supplies. The night before election Dr. A. E. Morgan refused to put an end to a whispering campaign which had threatened removal and a blocking up of the golden stream unless the TVA got the Knoxville plant. "I won't say what might be done if the bonds are not voted," said he. "I'm not sure."

Nevertheless, the presumably biased ex-owners make certain definite statements that have not been answered except by high-toned generalities. President Wendell L. Wilkie, of the Commonwealth and Southern corporation, has said that most privately owned utilities are now selling current at lower rates than the TVA, when the same factors are taken into account. TVA, he says, is in fact almost tax free, but in order to put itself on a basis of apparent equality with the private companies has declared that it is setting aside sums equivalent to the taxes these companies pay. To which the critic replies, "This self determined allowance is but one tenth of the taxes actually paid by privately owned utilities in the same territory."

That blunt statement is either provable or not provable. It has not yet been challenged. Mr. Wilkie further pointed out that PWA made grants of thirty per cent of the cost of building transmission and distribution systems to municipalities desiring to buy current from TVA. He says that TVA employes travel at reduced rates on railroads, that the railroad freight is hauled at not more than two thirds of the rates paid by private companies and that TVA correspondence goes by franked mail and its financing is done at the government rates which are not available to its competitors. On top of all this TVA has based its rates on a gross sale of current which has not yet been realized.

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If the effect of the foregoing and many similar uncertainties were to be confined to the Tennessee Valley they might be ignored in these days of billion dollar spending. But it will not be. Already the soft coal operators are protesting that if electric current is to be sold in quantity at the rates set by the TVA the production of coal will be lessened. John L. Lewis, the dynamic president of the United Mine Workers, has protested that neither the country nor the industry can afford to permit a further decrease in mine employment. The coal carrying roads not only employ thousands of men on their coal business alone, but millions of dollars in taxes are paid.

In the background are the other hydraulic plants projected by the government at which electric current can be manufactured. Grand Coulee, Bonneville, Fort Peck, Verde, Casper-Alcove, Boulder and Loup River are some of them. If the TVA is to be permitted to undersell privately owned utilities without regard to the cost of current production these other plants will do likewise when they come into production. As has been said earlier this will involve injury to a $13,000,000,000 industry and to the interests of 3,000,000 bond and shareholders. Yet it must be said that if, on a truthful and comprehensive consideration of productive costs, it can be shown that current can be manufactured in publicly owned plants at costs that privately owned utilities cannot meet then in the end the publicly owned plants will get the business. There is not only no way of preventing progress, but no one wants to prevent it. Before the TVA yardstick can be accepted, however, it must be shown that no books are being cooked and no upkeep items charged against navigation and erosion and social service. The private utilities have challenged the TVA to make good its claims. It is to the interest of the public that this be done. Guessing should be ruled out.

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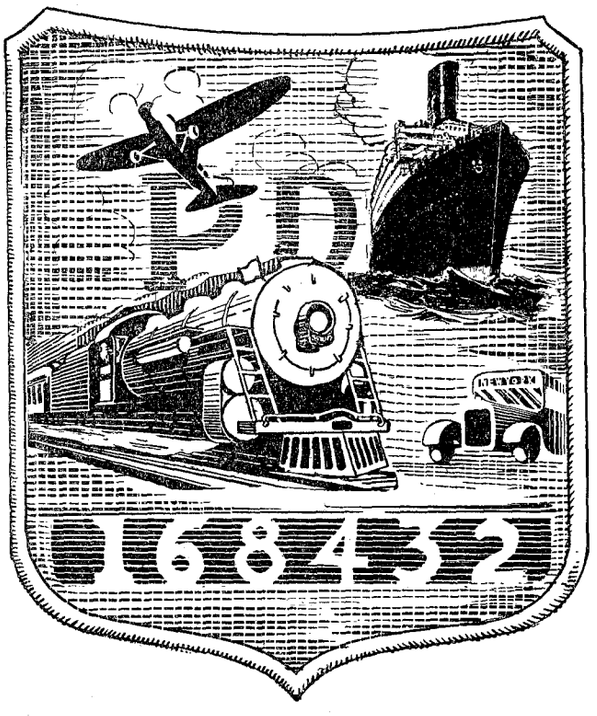
Criminals with Carfare

by Anthony North

After national crime prevention must come international prosecution, says this writer; for this is the heyday of the criminal with carfare.



THE long arm of the law is shrinking. When it is called upon today to reach across oceans, and over international boundaries, as it once did with considerable effectiveness and with satisfactory punitive results, it finds in this, the Fifth Winter of Our Discontent, that it is achieving its objective in an alarmingly decreasing number of instances. The Depression, the growth of selfish nationalism, which has attended the progress of the Depression, coupled with the lack of coördination between one city and another, between one state and another and between various nations in the writing by man of laws to discourage his fellowman from the pursuit of the gentle arts of murder, mayhem and larceny, have been the factors most responsible for this case of galloping contracture from which the arm of the law now suffers.

And the case is rapidly approaching a critically serious stage. A movement of coöperation on an international scale alone will save the situation, which has become a veritable nightmare for those retiring and efficient police officers in *mufti* who see every one of their carefully developed lines of crime detection defeated and denied whenever those lines run into and then cross a geographic or political boundary. Invariably it is proven that this is the new rathole down which the quarry always escapes.

Crime detection and law enforcement officials were reminded again of this impasse as recently as the first week in December when it developed that a suspect wanted in the worst way by the Police Department of New York City for trial on a charge of murder could be extradited from a middle-European country only on a simple charge of bigamy, a charge in which the American police power was not at all interested!

It is only within the last year or two that America awakened to the fact that crime detection and prosecution should be excused from impractical, sanctimonious respect for city and state boundaries. The world famous Lindbergh kidnaping case was in a large measure responsible for accelerating this movement. Graft-protected municipal sanctuaries for smart criminals within the borders of the United States vanished suddenly when public sentiment, provoked to expression over the Lindbergh and other kidnaping cases and over the alarming growth of gangster crime, approved national prosecution and *"Shoot to kill"* orders by an agency of the Federal government. This emergency practice is now about to be codified into a national program against all criminal activities. It is high time such a step was taken, but unfortunately the evidence is that, like all such popular movements against the astute criminal, it comes a little late. Your successful gentleman of crime is no longer a hick nationalist. He is a cosmopolite who knows the hotel rates in London, Paris, Berlin, Montreal and Valparaiso. This is the heyday of the criminal with carfare.

The duplicating and conflicting codes against crime which time, politics and over-zealousness have written in a misdirected effort to assist us in being our brother's keeper

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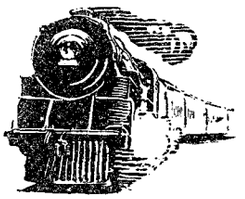
have finally produced a butterfly net for the capture of mosquitoes. And then on top of that, the fiscal vicissitudes of city, state and nation in the Depression have added a few undesigned holes in this inadequate instrument for the capture of criminals which provides thousands of new avenues of escape for the criminally inclined.



A typical case currently before the police department of one of America's largest cities is this:

Complainant, then traveling in Egypt, reports that he has just discovered the theft of a piece of jewelry (a bracelet valued at $20,000). His last recollection of certain possession of the stolen property was while he was in Paris. He understands that its present possessor (not the suspected thief) is a young woman then resident in New York City. Upon being questioned the young woman establishes her innocence of any complicity in the crime and provides the police with the new, if further confusing, information that she received the stolen goods as a gift while in England, and upon learning that it was "hot" returned it to the original donor in Boston, who pawned it in New York and then decamped for Mexico City.

This case, which would be difficult enough to unscramble in a world equipped and prepared to coöperate internationally in the prosecution of criminal acts, becomes almost hopeless in the present situation of a complete breakdown of all international coöperation.

With the rest of the world waiting to receive him as "innocent and untouchable" the post-act dilemma of the modern criminal is largely confined to his own ability to decide the new-horizon question of "Where shall we go now?" If his field of nefarious activity chances to be that of a confidence man he would in that embarrassing quandry prefer some sphere of activity which would provide a well populated hotel lobby, a place with a good golf course, or a place to which trains run Pullman club cars more or less regularly. "If you can't find a sucker in one of those places, Inspector," a tentative inmate of an American jail confided recently to one of America's smartest police officers, "then, boy, you know you're slipping."

The international criminal who knows his geography, his boat and train schedules and is acquainted with the little protection which present crime laws give to the law-abiding citizen, and who further can without difficulty hire the services of a good criminal lawyer, has today all of the confidence which the foregoing quotation implies.

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Knowledge of the number and the exact location of the safety isles for the criminally inclined which the Depression has created is the first asset of the successful crook today. If he is at all smart he does know for one thing that the pending "foreign" warrant has lost all of its old time power and potency at the prison gate. The quotation marks placed around the word *foreign* in the previous sentence will require perhaps for the law-abiding citizen a certain amount of explanation. The phrase "foreign warrant" as used there applies to a legal document attaching the person then in prison and held by any police power outside of the actual municipal limits of the place in which the prison is located. There are numerous instances on record where municipalities less than 200 miles from state prisons are without funds necessary to pick up a wanted criminal when his then existent term has run its course. This is the gratuitous gift of the Depression to the man who has long since decided to keep his body if not his soul together through activities decidedly outside of the law. When it is recalled that under circumstances in certain cases requiring extradition beyond state and national boundaries the law insists that the suspected culprit cannot be touched for thirty days —in other words must be given a thirty-day head start in any new effort to incarcerate him—it becomes apparent why only the homebody can be unsuccessful in crime in *Anno Domini* 1935.

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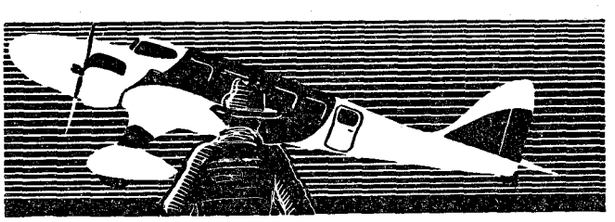
Confirmed criminals who have served their time, largely on minor charges, largely on easy raps, self-selected, are walking out of prisons all over the country today by the thousands to resume their criminal careers while heaps of new but ineffective warrants are pending against them, and just because of this situation. Where the pending charge is made by another nation the attitude is largely that of, "As long as he stays away from us, as long as he remains an 'economic charge' of another country, why should we bother? It will cost a lot of money to extradite and to prosecute anyway. Let us give thanks for good riddance to bad rubbish."

It is the appalling failure of all international coöperation in the control of crime which is wearing thin the spirit of our sincere police officials and which is making cosmopolites and internationalists of our best criminals today. The enormity of the seriousness of the eventual collapse of law enforcement when envisioned as a world problem is perhaps difficult for the layman to envision. In order to understand the real seriousness of this situation the innocent law-abiding citizen should be informed that the smart international crook in certain instances finds it worthwhile to pay corrupt municipal officials as a reminder that if his name ever comes up (internationally) as that of a person most urgently desired *elsewhere,* they still have first claims upon his person, usually for some minor crime, often for a non-existent trumped-up charge which he can easily beat. And once he has been returned to this city *"of the first claim"* he will have a month or sixty days head start on the resumption of any serious and sincere effort of society



to retire him permanently from the sphere of active crime. Smart criminals return to these international safety havens from time to time and pull a minor job just to be sure that their record remains fresh in the minds of corrupt prosecuting officials. But when this is not convenient they send their *protection money* overhead to the "right parties" as a reminder of a kind that they are never to forget that the sender in the eyes of the recipient is a "dirty so-and-so,

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their favorite Public Enemy No. 1 at all times."

Astute American police officials became aware of this practice only recently and largely through careful notation and observation that they never made "international claim" upon certain criminals but that a particular Canadian city immediately made its priority claim, usually with the most exaggerated assurances that they were prepared and equipped with evidence to put that one away behind bars

for all time. This situation was once an annoying national problem, made possible by petty, corrupt municipal politics in certain cities and states of the nation. But the undertaking to handle crime nationally had no sooner been launched and these domestic havens banished than the practice appeared as an international racket which under existing conditions is practically unbeatable. For now the modern practitioner in the field of crime, upon achieving the status of an international figure, when picked up anywhere, never fails to remember to stand on his professional dignity and say, "Did you know I was wanted in X——?"

Ability to "make distance" after the commission of a crime is better than a thousand alibis. Popular resorts, which are constantly thronged with strangers, and which are located near borders or at seaports, are favorite havens of criminals when police trails get hot. The American practitioner of crime in winter months slides down to Miami. There either by boat or air he is all ready to step off into a legal void in which no American police power can touch him; and he doesn't have to pine away in a Central American jungle either. There is just as adequate and far more comfortable sanctuary for him in many of the gayer capitals of Europe. If the scene of the crime for which he is wanted is any American city lower than the Class A rating, there will be absolutely no funds available in the police department's budget to follow him across the seas; and even in many of the largest cities reduced budgets force serious debates, with economy talking loudly on one side, and pride in police work records arguing in a much smaller voice. Crimes committed against property where criminals succeed in escaping to foreign lands are usually dropped these days unless the person against whom the crime has been committed is sufficiently indignant to be willing to pay a large part, or all, of the extradition charges.

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But municipal and state economy are not the only stumbling blocks. There is a kind of international police coöperation today which has become more than a little nancified, as if it were a thing to be conducted leisurely and only with the observation of all of the amenities of a social tea. The practices of the diplomatic corps are to blame for that, harrassed police officials explain—not too gently. Police work to be at all successful should be conducted in an atmosphere containing at least a modicum of secrecy. A little respect for that essential feature is expected and desired when an American police official decides to ask the coöperation of a European government in the return of a fugitive. He doesn't get it often. In some instances he is immediately called upon to transmit all of the evidence which he holds against the suspect. He is then asked to have his request submitted formally by his government's consulate to the foreign affairs department of the country in which the suspect has taken refuge. The result often is that an important case is thus transferred into the glaring spotlight of international diplomacy. If it isn't strangled to death in red tape, by being jammed into numerous consulate pouches, it has rubbed off of it all the fresh bloom of essential mystery or it is permanently impaired from being handled over and over and discussed by babbling clerks of state departments everywhere.

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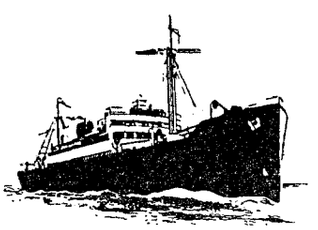
The early efforts of the New York Police Department to solve the mysterious disappearance and presumed murder of Agnes Tufverson suffered a fate of this kind when the police sought to have returned to the United States from Vienna one Ivan Poderjay. Either because they did not relish trying Poderjay for murder in an open correspondence back and forth across the Atlantic, or were not at the time prepared to move immediately on that charge, the New York police decided to take him for perjury. Back from Vienna came word that Austria did not consider perjury an extraditable crime. In view of the fact that Mr. Poderjay had married Miss Tufverson a month before her disappearance and that he was living in a seeming state of matrimony with another woman when he was apprehended in Vienna, they urged that Poderjay be taken away on a charge of bigamy. Now the facts of the case are that the police investigators in New York have no real interest in the bigamy case. That case, to be at all effective for the prosecution, will also require the extradition of a certain woman to serve as witness against him. This has not been done, nor had any move to this end been made when, on December 6 last, the authorities at Vienna announced that they were sending Poderjay to the United States to stand trial for bigamy. The New York police were informed by the Vienna police that they were turning him over to the Austrian police, who would escort him to the German border, where he would be placed in the custody of German police, who would then conduct him to Hamburg and place him aboard an American steamer, where presumably American detectives will be waiting to greet him. More than six months of international police wrangling was necessary to evolve this plan. The cost up to that time was about $5,000.



But this is not the only illustration which the famous Poderjay case affords of possible countre-temps which can develop in international police work today. If Poderjay is freed on the bigamy charge in New York, which there is every indication that he will be, he cannot be touched by the New York police for any other angle of the Tufverson mystery. He was extradited solely on a charge of bigamy. Upon his acquittal he can demand of the New York

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authorities that he be returned to Vienna. If Vienna no longer appeals to Mr. Poderjay at that time, he has the prerogative of at least requesting the amnesty of his prescribed thirty days head start.

Boundaries, state and national, conspire in a multitude of ways to provide protection for the criminal. The well known case of Stewart Donnelly supplies many examples of this, in addition to providing the far from heartening spectacle of three major powers of the world unable to deliver to justice a man against whom five warrants have been lodged. These warrants had been outstanding for some time when Donnelly escaped from the United States several years ago after the playing of a confidence game in New York in which he was named one of the principals by the New York police.

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Donnelly made his way to France and was arrested and tried there for a crime which occurred shortly after his arrival on the shores of the land of Equality, Fraternity and more or less Liberty. The New York authorities followed Donnelly's French career with some little interest. At the expiration of his stay in a French jail he surprised them somewhat by indicating his full willingness to be extradited to New York to face the charge awaiting him there. This was done, but when Donnelly reached New York it was found that the principal complainant and witness against him had obliged Mr. Donnelly's little scheme by being very dead indeed. Then Mr. Donnelly began to laugh. He has been laughing ever since. Although Canada and England and the Federal authorities of this country and the police officials of several American cities worked, schemed and studied, they could find no way to deliver him up on any of the still pending charges. He had been extradited for trial solely on the New York charge. Nations and municipalities were confounded. In the end Donnelly goes free.

But state boundaries as well as international boundaries may on occasion erect strange and confounding barriers against the smooth workings of justice. The world famous Lindbergh kidnaping case, for which Bruno Hauptmann has been extradited from New York to New Jersey, to stand trial this month on a charge of kidnaping and murder, may provide an historic and unique example. As is too well known to need any detailed recapitulation of the incidents, Hauptmann, a German immigrant who gained admittance to this country by skipping ship, was arrested in Bronx County, New York City. Upon his person and in his garage was found a considerable portion of the Lindbergh ransom money. As soon as he was apprehended for possessing ransom money, and on a further charge of extortion, New Jersey put in her claim upon the person of Hauptmann, declaring that the state was prepared to try him on the charges of kidnaping and murder. It must be readily admitted that the ends of justice, not to mention public feeling, would not be served best if the murderer of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., were permitted merely to serve a short jail term for possessing ransom money. Hardly! New Jersey's claim against Hauptmann as a fugitive from justice presumably had to be recognized.

But here enters the irony and possible travesty of the whole affair. What if New Jersey does not prove the case of kidnaping and murder? What then? Many able police and prosecuting officials, some of whom have been on the case, do not believe Hauptmann can be convicted on those more serious charges. The course which these realists expect the case to follow is a quick and largely sentimentally inspired conviction by the Hunterdon, N. J., County jury, an appeal and an acquittal upon appeal. Then where are we, or rather where is New York's ex-prisoner? Free in New Jersey! Students of the law who have gone into the case are of the opinion that he can remain free there forever. The only claim which New York could legally make against Hauptmann, then or now, in order to recover him would be to charge that he was a "fugitive from justice." But how can New York contend that Mr. Hauptmann fled from the jurisdiction of New York courts when he once fought them, in the extradition proceedings brought by New Jersey for the right to remain in New York? If Mr. Hauptmann is a fugitive from justice New York State conspired with the sovereign State of New Jersey to make him such!

The impatience of the mind of the sincere and capable crime detector with the roundabout round-again methods of diplomacy we have already seen. The detection of crime and the tracing of the movements of its skilled perpetrators is in itself difficult enough. When the police are ready to move, their annoyance and impatience at being suddenly defeated because the wanted one has just stepped over an imaginary boundary somewhere, where, let us say, perjury is not perjury unless committed in the august presence of a recognized judge, is easy to understand. These police officials seek the freedom of direct action, of the power to say to workers in the same field in a foreign land, "We want John Smith. Please detain him. We're coming to get him." And foreign criminal records are often as difficult to obtain for practical use as is the person of the criminal himself. Again the Hauptmann case provides an example. Although Hauptmann is known to have a criminal record in Germany, it will not be admissable as evidence at his trial in New Jersey.

Their annoyance is also understandable when they are defeated and baffled by the lack of any kind of uniformity in the laws of extradition. One country recognizes few or almost no crimes which are extraditable; another recognizes many. This very situation can and does work for the destruction of any spirit of coöperation between foreign police forces. The police did not write the laws, their task is solely to prevent and curb crime as it is defined under those laws. In the doing of that they must work without the benefit, because of difference in laws, of a full and free feeling of reciprocity. The fact that of the writing of laws there seems to be no end is a constant nightmare to the police everywhere. A new law may be needed for a particular purpose at one particular place; but as soon as it is enacted it may immediately clog a definite and valuable channel through which the police up until then had been working.

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The need for economy in carrying out the work of immigration departments has been responsible for the further destruction of coöperation in international police work. Time was when if an alien with a proven police record was wanted by the police agency of his native land and he could not be moved from his haven in any other way he could always be deported. But a deportation costs on an average of $300 from Ellis Island to a European coastal

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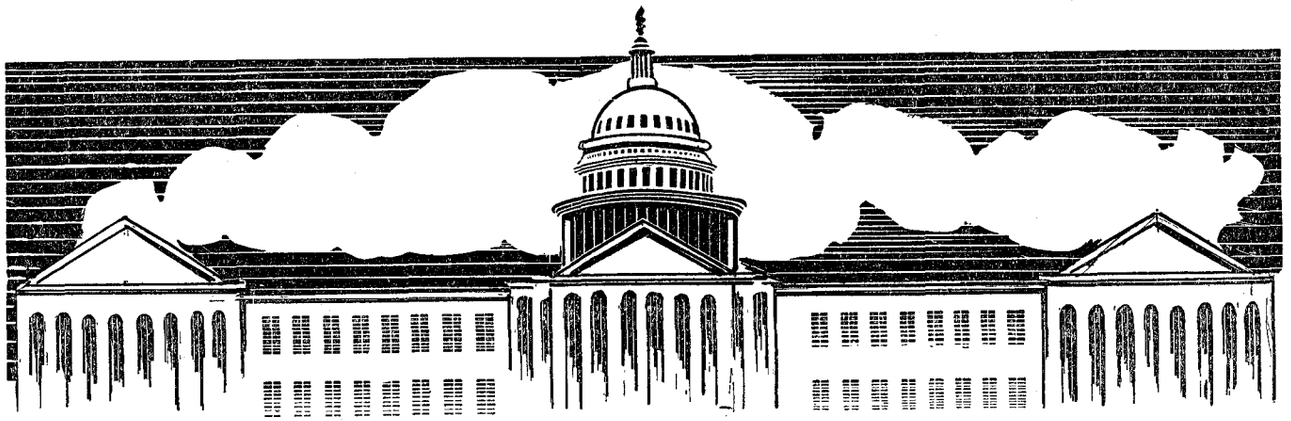

Here Comes Your Tax Bill

by Edward Angly

THE DUTY most dreaded by the half a thousand exuberant patriots elected to Congress last November to carry on the New Deal is that of compelling the voters to begin paying for it. One of the paramount obligations of the 74th Congress will be to pass a Revenue Act, tapping fresh sources of income for Uncle Sam, who has been living beyond his means since 1930. On that tender subject scarcely any of the successful candidates for House or Senate touched in the course of their campaigns last autumn. The necessity to impose new taxes, to increase the burden of old taxes, is not of such stuff as an office-seeker's oratory is made on. Here and there an imprudent candidate did mention it, sometimes in sorrow, occasionally in anger provoked by mounting deficits which sooner or later must be met through taxation. But when the votes were counted, these protesting gentlemen were rare indeed among the chosen. Already most of them are forgotten, the unknown warriors of a Lost Cause.

The public debt stands today at more than twenty-eight billion dollars and is still increasing. Who is to pay for this and how, is the biggest problem facing the new Congress. Whatever the solution, the signs and portents are that a new kind of tax bill shortly will be in the mail for the taxpayer.

But the deficit is still with us, waxing bigger by the hour. Up to now most of the heady drinks of the New Deal have been on the cuff. The bartender can and may wipe off a part of the debt by currency inflation or by further devaluation of the dollar. Yet, whatever the extent of such erasures may be, the bulk of the debt eventually must be liquidated by pluckings from the pockets of all the people.

Steadily, for almost five years, the Federal government has gone deeper and deeper into the red. It slipped unconsciously at first, unwillingly and somewhat stupidly, partly due to a reduction in taxes at the outset of the Depression. But more recently the business of spending beyond current income has been conducted with determination, gusto and a wealth of good intentions. The hangover from the Hoover regime, in the form of a three-year deficit, exceeds five billion dollars. The New Deal had gone into the hole another $5,500,000,000 before its second Christmas. And this winter is bringing its heaviest expenditures on relief.

A year ago President Roosevelt told the country, in his message submitting the budget to Congress, that the government probably would pile up a $9,000,000,000 New Deal deficit by July 1, 1935. It now seems likely his prophecy may pan out almost to the penny, though it is still possible that the sum may be less. So far, the Hoover deficit and the emergency expenditures of the Roosevelt Administration have been cared for almost entirely by borrowing. With the public debt grown above $28,000,000,000 and still on the increase, interest charges are devouring in twelve months $750,000,000 of Federal income. This is a greater sum than was required twenty-five years ago to pay for all the expenses of the government. Beginning with the new fiscal year next July, President Roosevelt has said his Administration intends to maintain a balanced budget, to restore the abandoned custom of holding expenditures within current receipts. That means—if it can be done at all—one of two things, either the utter abandonment of Federal "relief" and other handouts from Washington to individuals, communities and corporations in distress, or heavier taxation. That the government cannot drop its relief program is obvious. That it is unlikely to retrench from other costly functions which once were not deemed to be those of government, but which have become so through the rapid politico-social evolution of recent

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years, is almost equally certain. So long as ten million or more Americans are unable to obtain employment (and there are no indications that private industry and commerce will hire many of them in the near future), it is sheer idiocy to suppose that Uncle Sam will abandon his extravagant role of guardian, Good Samaritan, or, if you prefer, Santa Claus. In the first place Mr. Roosevelt has promised that no one shall starve. He may dispose of the material problem of marginal lands by buying the acreage and retiring it, but the social problem of marginal men has manifestly become a permanent part of the expense of our government.

Ever since Herbert Hoover hatched the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to be followed by the brood of alphabetical spending agencies of the New Deal, the lending officials, the paying tellers and the gift bag dispensers in Washington have proclaimed a belief that once the business pump were primed the increasing flow from the spouts of industry and commerce would provide work for the unemployed and surpluses for the Treasury without the pain of higher taxation. Yet, even now, it is demonstrable that should business miraculously boom up, not merely to the 1926 level, but to that of the dizzy days of 1928-29, fewer people would have jobs than were then employed. Science has not slumped during the Depression. It has gone on improving machinery, eliminating manual labor. Compelled to cut expenses as the alternative to closing up shop, business has found new ways during the Depression to get its work done with fewer hands. This is not the twaddle of a Technocrat. Any railroad president will tell you that if his car loadings should increase tomorrow to their 1929 peak, he would not find it necessary to rehire his whole 1929 personnel to handle the business. Directing heads of manufacturing establishments and commercial offices and stores will tell you the same story. It is not at all unlikely that with the United States, as with England, unemployment has become a chronic malady, to be palliated only by some form of social insurance.

Marginal men we may have always with us in the future, but under the capitalist (or any other) economic system, red ink on the government's ledger cannot become an enduring condition. Some day the budget must be balanced, the government must live again within its income, using its surpluses to retire its debts. And that day is drawing near. It seems apparent that business is not going to recover so rapidly as to supply a large increase in Federal revenue during the next two years through present tax scales. If the budget is to be balanced, Congress will have to heighten some of the existing taxes, dig into new sources of revenue, or—as appears most likely—adopt both of these procedures. Undoubtedly there will be a renewed clamor for a general sales' tax. The "soak the rich" orators will advocate harsher levies in the upper income tax brackets, and higher inheritance taxes. Proposals for unaccustomed forms of taxation will be advanced either by the Administration or members of Congress. The American people may as well become reconciled to the fact that in the very near future a larger proportion of their earnings, their spendings and their accumulated wealth, will be absorbed by the Federal government. Judging by the experience of certain foreign peoples, they ought, as the street phrase has it, to be able to take it.

This country is still the richest on earth, but its people are not yet the most severely taxed. Both in France and in Great Britain, to cite the only two other large nations where democratic forms are still in vogue, the central government imposes heavier tax loads than Americans have ever been obliged to bear. On the other hand, local taxation—municipal, county and state—is more burdensome in the New World than in the old. Since Europe has a greater density of population and a lesser density of automobiles, the taxpayer of the Old World is not obliged to contribute so lavishly as the American to the building and maintenance of smooth, expensive highways. In the cost of education there is an even wider discrepancy, for the public authorities of Europe are so backward as not to believe that bigger buildings make for better brains.

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Statisticians have estimated that in the United States it requires about four billion dollars a year to defray the ordinary expenses of the Federal government, two billions to run the state governments and six billions more for the local governments. The United Kingdom, with less than one third our population, has a national budget of about $3,500,000,000 a year, almost the same as Washington requires for ordinary running expenses. But, in local taxation, the Briton wears a lighter yoke than the American. Local taxes in England, Scotland and Northern Ireland amount to about $1,000,000,000 annually. Great Britain's public debt, largely a war heritage, is far heavier than America's. It has risen to $40,000,000,000, or nearly $1,000 per inhabitant. The public debt of the United States is still less than $250 *per capita.* That of France exceeds $20,000,000,000, or $500 *per capita.* The French budget contemplates receipts this year of about $3,500,000,000, almost the same as London will harvest, only slightly less than what Washington will collect. And France, like England, has less than one third of our population. The Frenchman's tax load, then, and the Englishman's, too, is, in dollars *per capita,* three times that of the American's. Since we must soon be asked to pay higher taxes, it is perhaps not without interest to compare the three tax systems, to observe what sources the French and British employ for revenues which Congress has up to the present overlooked, intentionally or otherwise.

To begin with, the income tax in both Great Britain and

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France is applicable to a far larger proportion of the population than in the United States. In England one person out of every twelve paid an income tax last year; in France one person out of twenty; in the United States, one person out of forty. The British tax reaches down to the man making $15 a week, the French tax to incomes of 10,000 francs a year—about $12.70 a week. Where the basic rate in the United States is 4 per cent, it is 20 per cent in France, 22½ per cent in the United Kingdom. Though both Paris and London dig deeper into the middle class pocketbook than does Washington, it should not be supposed that Europe's well-to-do and wealthy are not also vigorously smitten with surtaxes. Three fifths of the income tax crop in Great Britain is harvested from persons receiving above $10,000 a year. In the United States the contrary is true. Here more than half of the revenue on individual returns is extracted from those persons whose incomes are below $10,000.

The dead, as well as the quick, are levied upon more heavily in England and in France than in the United States. With us there are no death duties on an estate of $50,000 left entirely to the widow, but in England such a widow would have to pay $2,500. On an estate of $100,000 the English widow is taxed $9,000, the American, $1,000. The death of a millionaire in England is a windfall for the national Exchequer. In this country it is more likely to be a windfall for lawyers.

Both in France and England the corporation too is more severely taxed than in the United States. It is a common complaint in France that the individual works one day out of three for the *fisc*. A French financial journal recently assembled statistics with which to argue that a French corporation is obliged to operate two days out of three for the benefit of that fierce and implacable divinity whom we call the tax collector. The study embraced 126 corporations having an aggregate nominal capital of 5,600,000,000 francs. In the year 1933 eight per cent of the gross revenues of these companies was poured into the tax funnel. Together the companies distributed 303 million francs in dividends and paid 700 millions in taxes. Thus, for each 100 francs which the stockholders received, the government collected 231 francs. Corporation dividends, in England and France, are taxed at the source. The stockholder is not permitted to offset revenues from dividends by losses in other fields.

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So much for direct taxes. In the larger democracies there are indications that they will continue to supply a steadily diminishing proportion of revenue to the state. It is in the field of indirect taxation that our Congress, our legislatures and our city councils may find, by casting an eye overseas, fonts of revenue hitherto untouched in America. By way of indirect taxation a start was made with the Revenue Act of 1932, which fixed Federal levies upon automobiles, tires and inner tubes, gasoline and lubricating oils, furs, jewelry, bank checks, matches, toilet preparations, radios and phonograph records, telephone, telegraph and cable tolls and other articles and services previously untaxed. Since then this miscellaneous internal revenue, including the excise on beverages restored by the Twenty-first Amendment, has far exceeded the simultaneous yield from income taxes.

The two remaining fountains of current Federal revenue —processing taxes and customs—are of minor importance. The processing taxes are ear-marked to off-set the expenditures of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and other agencies of aid to the plowman. As world trade stagnates in a welter of tariffs, antagonistic and retaliative, customs receipts steadily diminish, both actually and relatively. From 1870 to 1910 duties on imports into the United States annually exceeded the Federal government's internal revenue, but this year customs will bring in less than $300,000,000, a sum lower than their yield of thirty years ago, less than half what they produced ten years ago. All of which may impart a lesson to those who consider it beneficient to build tariff walls higher and higher.

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To meet expenses, it is apparent, then, that the government must increase its takings through the income tax and indirect taxes. This latter field is cultivated intensely by the French, while Britain and the United States let much of its rich soil lie fallow, partly in the conviction that the public would find its cultivation a nuisance, and might refuse to re-appoint the gardener. In France almost everything a man wears, eats or uses is assessed, in some form, either by the state or the community. This state of affairs is a post-war development. With the French as with the Americans, taxation did not become oppressive until after the war that made the world safe for bankruptcy. Before 1915 the Frenchman had the "four old contributions" to pay to the state, and not much else. These were the taxes on real estate, rent, doors and windows, businesses and professions. As M. Georges Lecomte of the French Academy has remarked, the citizen looked upon his taxes in those days as contributions, holding the comforting idea that, through the election of his deputy, he had given his consent to the expenditures they covered. But today the Frenchman applies the word *contribution* less and less to his taxes; he is reverting to the shorter, uglier term *impôt*, which has no connotation of voluntary consent. Since 1915, when France installed the income tax, more than 150 different indirect taxes have been piled on the taxpayer by parliament. Where, before the war, indirect taxes supplied one third of the government's revenue, today they bring in two thirds of it.

From the bassinet to the coffin, nothing escapes the sales tax in France. Even the cabbages which the peasant carts to market are subject to this two per cent turnover levy. On their travels from the garden to the kitchen, the cabbages may be assessed more than once: first, when the peasant sells them; a second time when the wholesaler passes them on to the retailer, and again when the ultimate consumer puts them in her market basket. In France one cannot rise far above cabbages, caps and wooden shoes without colliding with the luxury tax of 12 per cent. It falls on everyday footwear and street clothes of good quality, on upholstered perambulators and rubber tired hearses, just as it does on caviar, champagne, ermine capes and suites in a *hôtel de luxe*. Railroad tickets, which we do not tax at all, pay 32 per cent of their face value to the French Treasury. We tax theatre tickets 10 per cent; the Frenchman's *fisc* exacts 28 per cent, whether he goes to the neighborhood movie or the *Opéra*. Even Monsieur's toothpick is taxed. His walking stick—quite a useful weapon in street riots provoked by heavy taxation—is assessed as a luxury. If he has a balcony on his residence, or outside his

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office window, that is taxed. If he has a tenant, he is taxed for receiving rent, and the tenant is taxed for paying it. Whenever either of them pays a bill, in a restaurant, a department store, or an office, a stamp must be affixed to the receipt and cancelled. To vote, and usually to get a job, a Frenchman must have an identity card. That is taxed. When he is born his birth must be registered, for which a fee is demanded. When he dies, his departure must be registered and a fee paid on a permit for the funeral procession to use the streets en route to the cemetery, after which his estate is whittled by sharp death duties.

While he lives, all the luxuries in his home are annually levied upon—his piano, his radio, his dog. How much he must pay on his dog, in a range from five fracs to forty, depends on the size of the community, the kind of dog and what the dog does. A dog kept for the owner's pleasure (*Chien d'agrément*). is taxed more than a hunting dog, a hunting dog more than a watch dog. Many a shoulder is shrugged in eloquent endeavor to convince the tax collector that Toto, although admittedly, monsieur, a house pet, nevertheless, functions primarily as a vigilant guard. Often as not, the tax collector has his doubts.

On his automobile the Frenchman pays not only a heavy sales tax, a luxury tax and fees for license plates and an owner's identification certificate; he is also assessed each year on the engine's horsepower and is obliged to obtain a "permit to circulate," even, in some cities, a permit to park. Paris alone collects fifty million francs a year for parking privileges. To buy a car, be it ever so humble, the Frenchman pays about twice as much as the American is asked for a comparable machine, and his gasoline costs upward of 50 cents a gallon. The Englishman, too, is far more heavily taxed on his motoring than the American. In Europe pedestrians are still in the majority. Over there the unemployed do not "march" on a capital in automobiles, a spectacle made familiar to the Washington of both Hoover and Roosevelt.

Just as he reports each shift in his civil status, so the Frenchman must register and be taxed upon his every up and down as a property owner. His real estate is not taxed so heavily as it would be in England or the United States, but let him buy or sell property and the Third Republic leaps upon the transaction with a transfer tax amounting to 25 per cent of the sum involved. Like all taxation of excessive harshness, this levy has provoked widespread evasion and thereby tended to defeat its own designs. Not infrequently when Monsieur X agrees to pay Monsieur Y, say, 200,000 francs, for a piece of property, it is with an understanding over the cognac that the sale shall be reported as of 125,000 francs, the remaining 75,000 to be passed under the table. Transfers of securities are also heavily assessed.

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Local governmental units in France, the *commune* and the *département,* employ the indirect approach to the citizen's pocketbook far more extensively than do British towns or counties, or American states, counties and municipalities. In most of our cities of under 30,000 population, real estate supplies 90 per cent of the municipal funds; in larger cities about 60 per cent. In Great Britain the rates, as the local taxes are called, rest on real estate, but are based on the rental rather than the capital value. Rental value also forms the basis in France, but in that country communal revenue derived from land and buildings has declined, since the war, in proportion to the yield from a form of indirect income tax, the *patente.* In theory the *patente* is a license for the exercise of a trade, the conduct of a business establishment. In practice it is a complicated tax based on exterior signs of prosperity—on the size of the shop or plant or office, the number of employes, the turnover and other factors. It is the sort of nuisance which inspires bureaucratic functionaries to revel in orgies of ink, fractions and multiplications—but it does fetch the francs. Most antiquated of nuisance taxes is the *octroi,* the duty levied on commodities as a condition of their being brought into a community. It is rapidly losing favor in this fast-moving age. Only 1,000 of the 38,000 French *communes* retain the *octroi* at their gates, blocking traffic for the sake of a few sous, expensively collected.

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The French tax collector is called *le percepteur*—the perceiver. Whoever named him named him well. He keeps his eyes open for things to pounce upon. He assesses every sign and billboard that he sees. For outdoor advertisement, as for dogs, he has elaborate gradations. The lowest fee applies to the rooming house which hangs out a shingle bearing the one word — Vacancies. A slightly higher tax is levied on unlighted signs which are stationary, and this is raised if the unlighted sign can move. A still higher assessment applies to stationary lighted signs, and the highest of all to signs that are both lighted and moving. What a joy Broadway would be to *Monsieur le percepteur!* His refined sense of discrimination applies to marquees and awnings as well as to dogs and signs. He has one tax for a simple awning which merely slides up and down, like a window shade, a higher one if the awning extends out from a building, and a still higher one if it bears an advertisement. Even for the Frenchman who has nothing to advertise except his ancestry, there is a tax. The Republic permits descendants of nobles to use their ancestral titles, but at so much per Count, a little more per Marquis, still more per Duke. The democrats who run for public office are taxed on their election posters.

It was Louis Quatorze who introduced indirect taxation on a wide front. Sixty years before Bostonians raised their historic rumpus over the tea tax which George III demanded, English visitors to France were grousing that nothing in Paris was free from taxation except the Seine and the air. A London traveller who signed himself "A.N." wrote a four penny pamphlet about it in 1720. Why, he complained, Louis had even gone so far as to make wine dealers pay him for a license. In England, at that time, a shop-keeper could trade in liquor without asking the leave of George II or anyone else. Louis also taxed barbers, perriwig makers, street criers and boarding house keepers. All gold, silver, pewter, leather, iron and copper in his realm had to bear the "King's mark." He had his own monopoly on salt, and farmed out other tax monopolies, such as that on tea. When his budget got badly out of balance, he knew how to get a paper profit down on the government's books by calling in all the gold and revaluing the money. As soon as the *louis d'or* were stacked in his vaults he issued an edict saying thenceforth these golden coins would each be worth fourteen *livres* instead of twelve.

The budget makers of the national and state capitals and in countless city halls, all of them eagerly searching

(*Continued on page* 64)

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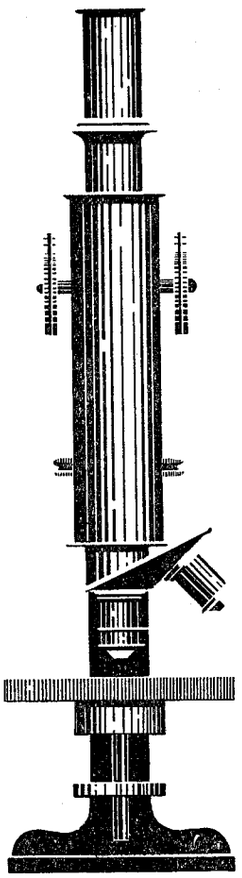
Health By Blueprint

by Henrietta Ripperger

In the year just closed, experts inform us, the front line trench in the fight against tuberculosis has been definitely advanced. An improved tuberculin used to detect the presence of disease has been produced, which is standard and reliable, a fact that will mean a great deal to the health of man. For the first time, moving pictures have been made showing the life cycle of the single tubercle bacillus. Extend the period to include ten or a dozen years, and tubercle bacilli have been broken down into chemical fractions and the effect of those fractions on human beings at last has been established. It has been discovered that fats set up the process by which the body walls up the bacillus in a tubercle. Sugars have been proved to affect the body's temperature, and both proteins and sugars to cause fever. It has long been known that the protein in the organism acted as a poison and produced sensitivity to the same poison which lasted through life, but additions have been made to knowledge of how the proteins act.



Now these are largely technical achievements, of more importance to the medical profession than in raising immediate hopes in suffering mankind. For the layman, the great importance of this announcement lies in the fact that it represents one of the first successes achieved by use of a method that is new and almost revolutionary in the exploration of the sources of disease. For purposes of understanding, it may be described as the Blueprint Plan for obtaining and assembling all possible facts about the tubercle bacillus. Its real possibilities as yet have been only glimpsed.

By this plan, separate problems relating to the eventual conquest of the tubercle bacillus have been allotted to laboratories all over the country. There has been no intentional secrecy, but the project as a whole has gone forward with the same public disregard attending a great building project going on behind a fence on a city block. When the fence comes down, the surprised passerby sees an enormous structure rising where only yesterday there was a mere hole in the ground. In the past five or ten years foundations for future work in the field of tuberculosis have been laid, about which the public has heard little or nothing, although beside them the work of any one or two men looks like a one-story house beside a Radio City.

The research men on this project are scattered over a territory which formerly would have been considered too wide to allow for practical coöperation. It runs from New York to San Francisco. Stations there are as diverse as their geographical locations. They include the Universities of Yale, Chicago, Wisconsin, Nebraska, California, Pennsylvania, Cincinnati, Columbia, Cornell, Vanderbilt, Johns Hopkins; the Rockefeller Institute, the United States Department of Agriculture, the National Institute of Health of Washington, D. C., the Detroit Municipal Sanitarium, the Gaylord Sanitarium in Connecticut, the Saranac Lake Laboratory, and Parke, Davis & Company, and Sharp & Dohme Company, and H. K. Mulford Company, drug houses. The list changes as some complete their work and withdraw and others enter, but in the main it remains the same.

Back in 1920 this was the picture: A newly formed Medical Research Committee met to ask itself what was to be the next step in the long fight against tuberculosis. Before deciding, the members put down on paper a list of things that were not understood. The bacilli which cause the disease were known to enter the body from outside. But why did they make their way to definite spots in it? What stimulated the body to wall them up? What was the nature of the poison they threw off in the process of growth? Why did they cause fever? Why did they frequently lodge harmlessly in the body of a child, yet prove fatal to the adolescent boy or girl? These were some of the questions to which there were no known answers.

What was needed was all too evidently a far more complete knowledge of the nature and habits of the bacillus. In order to begin such a study it was essential to have a sufficient supply of germs. The bacilli "so small that ten thousand—ten regiments—could march through a pinhole without crowding" had been grown only in minute quantities. Some method had to be devised to grow them by the quart instead of by the thimbleful, for small quantities were soon exhausted in laboratory work. The two drug houses were selected as having the necessary facilities. They were tentatively entered on the plans as sources of the culture.

In order to grow the germs it was necessary to have a food supply for them. A university laboratory was picked to make such a medium.

The committee then considered a list of the ablest men in the country in the field of organic chemistry. They assigned to them the tasks of breaking down the bacillus into its chemical fractions and of studying the action of each on living tissue. Several sanatoria were next chosen as offering clinical material and an agricultural college was

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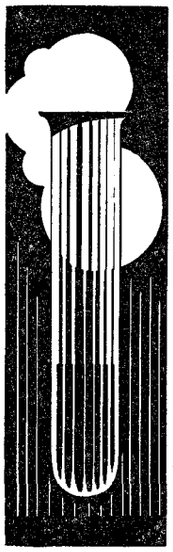

designated for allied work on animals.

The vast organization plan now begins to become apparent. Able scientists the country over were to be asked to work out problems in their own laboratories. The solutions were to be brought together and fitted into a whole, like pieces in a vast, jig-saw puzzle.

There were great advantages to such a method. If the Association were to undertake the task single-handed, it must attempt to lure men from the laboratories in which they had been working for years. It was extremely unlikely that they would come. If they did, it would be necessary to go out and raise a million dollars or so for laboratories and more for maintenance. This looked like a difficult feat. If, however, men working in laboratories already adequately financed, could be induced to take on portions of the work, the Association would have the services of some of the best brains in the country and the expenses could be kept down to a reasonable figure.

Dr. William Charles White, of Washington, of the U. S. Department of Public Health, was chairman of the Committee on Medical Research. He invited the men and women whose names were on the plan, to a conference. He did not need to tell them what laymen might not have known, that a single mind could no longer compass the knowledge necessary to a well-rounded study of the disease. He did have to infuse them with sufficient enthusiasm. He painted a picture of what might happen if, in the slang phrase of the day, they would "gang-up" on the bacillus; if the resources of their knowledge and equipment could be used for a common purpose. The tubercle bacillus at that time played the role of Public Enemy No. 1. Its identity and its haunts were known. But why it acted as it did was as little understood as the profound and complex psychological and physical causes that make the criminal what he is.

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Dr. White asked for volunteers to undertake research, not for any fixed period of time, but until the job was done, or until each man had done what he was able to do. He got them, to a man. The scientists enlisted for service, like so many men in the A. E. F., "for duration."

In order to get the picture of the whole organization at work we must begin by seeing the various units at their individual tasks.

At Cornell Medical Center, now housed amid the breath-taking beauties of its new buildings on the East River, New York, they have been following for some time the life cycle of the single tubercle bacillus. Here a method was found by which for the first time a single one of these bacilli was separated from the culture. They will tell you that it is a form of life lower than the amœba, that it exists near the border line between plants and animals, although their inclination is to put it over on the botanical side. They will show you one under the microscope in a drop of the medium which measures about one thirty thousandth of an inch in diameter, to which it has about the comparative size of a man in an ordinary living room. This odd organism eats and breathes and grows. Incredible as it seems, they have measured its breathing and studied the relation of its respiration to that of its host. If the supply of oxygen could be cut off from it, in the human body, it would die. This happens in life when the bacilli crowded in a culture smother those at the bottom of the pile. Treatment, however, is not the concern of this laboratory. Its job alone was to measure respiration. It has done so, and written *finis* after that one piece of work.

Cornell has also definitely established the life cycle of the single tubercle bacillus hitherto only partly understood; established it, that is, as it is lived outside the body of a host. For the first time an individual's history has been seen, recorded in a profoundly exciting film.

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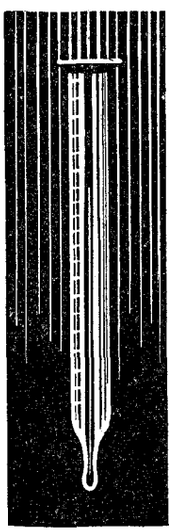
The bacillus in the drop—the man in the room—is on a slide under the microscope. The micro-cinema or moving picture camera is set on a metal plate fastened to the eyepiece of the microscope. A temporary lens identical with that in the camera, is inserted through the plate and over the eyepiece in the same plane. The cameraman gets his focus through this. When it is time to take the picture, the temporary lens is removed and the camera swung into place. This is the method that is frequent in so-called critical photography, when focus is extremely important.

Such maneuvering is necessary, not merely because of the minuteness of the bacillus in the field of vision, but because in even this extremely thin spread of the drop on the microscope slide, it may move away into the depths far enough to go out of focus.

The picture is thrown onto a small screen about the size of the one on which the family views its summer travels in retrospect. The drop, which actually measures one thirty-thousandth of an inch across, appears as a circle that fills the screen. In it are two longish dots. They begin to stir about a bit. A break in the sequence, and you see them again, each now elongated into a series of little rods suggesting tiny sticks of bamboo. Another shot, and the rods are now moving grotesquely about, bending stiffly like animated cartoons. A fourth shot taken about twelve hours after the first, and the screen is crowded with bending, turning rods, looking not unlike football players caught at an unusual angle by the camera or like odd figures seen from above in a modernistic German film. Nature has given the cameraman an excellent continuity, saving the climax for the end. In the next reel the rods have broken up into segments that move about in a kind of whirling dervish dance. One gets the same impression of meaningless activity in looking down from a great height on a crowd milling about in the street thirty or forty stories below. But now—something is happening in the center of the picture. One of the tiny figures stands out bigger than the rest. It elongates, starts to grow. It becomes a series of rods. The life cycle, complete, has begun all over again.



Six months of patient photography went on, the operator says, before a single picture turned out clear. When the technique had finally been worked

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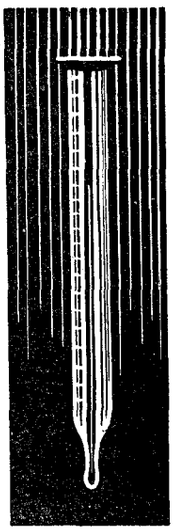

out and the actual making of reels could begin, intense excitement prevailed in the laboratory. The actors must be closely watched. The events which the scientists hoped to record might occur at noon or midnight. No cameraman in the jungle ever waited more patiently to get his subject than these men, hanging over the drop in the slide under the microscope, where the bacilli were caged. No wild animal picture was ever more thrilling!

The cycle of life inside a host, that is on living tissue, presents even greater difficulties. This is the story on which they are now at work in the same laboratory. During the cycle, certain chemical changes have been found to occur which are now being studied and which may affect the whole undertaking. But the important contribution of this laboratory is the observation of every act performed by the germ. Cornell is its historian.

Next, in order to study the chemistry of the tubercle bacillus, it was necessary to get it into an environment about which everything was known. It is easy to grow the culture on different media such as agar-agar or beef juice, but such media contain organic material and are likely to vary in composition. The laboratory of the University of Chicago therefore undertook to make a synthetic medium which would be inorganic and therefore chemically constant but which would still nourish the germs. After careful study and many experiments they produced a standard product which is called Long's medium. It is put up in a sterile bottle of standard size and quality. Even the glass is standardized. The culture may be grown in these bottles. This is Chicago's part.

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If you know what is in there before you start, then it is clear that what happens to the medium in the bottle must be due to the action of the bacilli alone. If some new chemical substance is later found, it must have been put there by the culture itself. If a formerly existent material is later found to be missing, the bacilli must have absorbed it. The problem, immensely difficult to work out in practice, is in theory a simple one of addition and subtraction, of plus and minus sums. Phipps Institute in Philadelphia has taken over the study of the *media*. Samples are constantly withdrawn and analyzed. Phipps' job is to test and re-test the medium endlessly to find out what happens to it.

In the meantime the two great drug houses, Parke, Davis and Sharp & Dohme, grow the culture for the laboratories. The strain of tubercle bacilli used is an old one called Saranac H-37. The pedigree of a bacillus of this breed is as well known as that of Equipoise, probably better. The standard supply for a single laboratory is two thousand one-litre bottles. Each is partly filled with a fluid looking rather like olive oil. The bacteria floating on the top suggest bits of cauliflower. The bottles are kept in an incubating room. Pulling back the heavy insulated door, one enters a little chamber about eight feet square with open shelves running around the walls where the bottles stand. At first glance the cultures seem very much alike. Looking more closely, however, one sees that in one bottle a bit of mold has developed, rendering the culture useless to the laboratory. In another the growth is young and fresh-looking. In another it is very old and has somehow taken on an inexplicable look of age.

Standing in this humid chamber, surrounded by the instruments of slow and agonizing death, one feels as about as happy as if one walked on sticks of dynamite. But the doctors say that as far as infection is concerned the visitor is safer in the laboratory, where every precaution is taken, than on the dusty street or in a subway crowd. It is interesting to be told, however, that many of the research people have had T. B. before taking up this work, and perhaps that is one reason for their intense interest in the conquest of the disease.

The cultures grown by the drug houses are shipped to various laboratories and set up as described here, in lots of 2,000-bottle incubators.

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Next, the work of breaking down the bacilli into its chemical fractions is being done at the Sterling Laboratories at Yale. Merely entering into the project in a spirit of coöperation, Yale has now become so absorbed in its assigned portion of the task that it is about to build a new laboratory to be devoted to bacteriological chemistry. Proceeding slowly and patiently, their research workers have broken down the bacilli bit by bit into their chemical parts, and that work is still going on. The method is far too complex for the mind of the layman to grasp. Its results have been headlined in the opening paragraph of this article. Yale has not only divided the germ into proteins, fats and sugars, but it has established a new technique which will be applied to the study of other micro-organisms, such as the one which causes leprosy.

Humane interest is most closely concerned with the action of the bacilli on living tissue, which if allowed to go on uninterrupted means lingering death. The study of the action of chemical fractions from tubercle bacilli on living tissue is being carried on at Rockefeller Institute.

The fine buildings of the Rockefeller Institute stand just south of Cornell Medical Center in New York City. Although it is only a few years old, the structure is affectionately known to the men in the ultra elegant buildings of Cornell as "Lincoln's birthplace," and nothing gives a better idea of the dramatic speed of our life!

The Rockefeller laboratories overlook the swift-running waters of the East River. Below, one sees the rather mournful little wing in which the animals are kept to be subjected to disease. The laboratory itself is equipped for the most complete animal post mortems. The room where the cultures are made is glass-walled with a door which seals it. A paper sign pasted on the door reads DO NOT ENTER. An operator on the outside presses a lever and metal balls at the four corners of the ceiling emit a fine spray which disinfects the air. The object of this lethal apparatus is not, as you would think,

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to protect the human worker by sterilizing the room, but to keep the culture free from contamination from the air!

Here the effect of each one of the chemical fractions in the normal and the tubercular animal has been studied. Rabbits and guinea pigs are used. It has been possible to reproduce in the animal each cellular effect of tuberculosis, a bit at a time, by introducing the different chemical fractions of bacilli into the body. Study has proved that the fats are the most important element in producing tubercles. It is interesting to note that the tubercle bacilli produce far more fats than other bacilli, and fats cause lesions. Moreover, tubercles have been chemically produced in a living animal without bacilli.

It was already known that the protein was the active poison and produced in the body a sensitivity to the same poison which persisted through life. Tuberculin had been used for a long time to test for the presence of the disease and produced a characteristic redness on the skin of the infected subject, but its potency varied enormously, as much as two hundred to three hundred per cent. Phipps Institute therefore undertook the task of standardizing tuberculin. They succeeded in making a standard powder product which is always the same. As a result, the tuberculin situation "has been taken out of the realm of hit or miss into the realm of absolute certainty." This is a result important economically because of the wide use of tuberculin in testing cattle.

There is no need to paint here the rather melancholy picture of the resorts of the sick whose clinics are also coöperating in this gigantic laboratory offensive upon one single germ. Dr. White says in a bulletin issued by Johns Hopkins Hospital, "No one can be proud of a cure which takes on an average two years out of the most active period of our youthful victims." Progress has been made in the making and reading of X-ray plates, and some of the organization's money has gone into field work to teach the use of X-ray in diagnosis.

At The University of Wisconsin work is going on on the anatomy of the lungs. Since the lungs are the chief seat of tuberculosis, the National Tuberculosis Association has contributed financially to this research.

The allied study of tuberculosis in animals and birds is being made at the Agricultural College of the University of Nebraska. "The diseases produced by acid-fast bacteria," says Dr. White, "represent the greatest economic problem of the human race, not only for man, but for one of his major industries, that is, his animal food supply."

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The blueprint method of distributing work among widely scattered laboratories has justified itself in the way in which all effort must finally be judged, by establishing *facts*. There is little doubt that such a method will be more and more widely used in attacking the problems of disease. It is common knowledge that the modern research man can only know enough in a lifetime to work in a limited field, that progress is now made by dovetailing such work. The method is common in the engineering world where the day of the lone inventor working unaided is over. However, such coöperation usually goes on within companies in competition with other companies whose secrets are jealously guarded. It is quite a different situation when institutions that have no pressure from outside to make them hang together are to be welded into a cohesive, working group. It is therefore interesting to see how the plan of the National T. B. Association was worked out.

Coöperation was obtained, as we have pointed out, by gifted leadership. Without it, the scientists would hardly have united for a common purpose; were it to be withdrawn the life of the whole body might readily cease.

The allied workers are constantly in touch with the Washington office which acts as a vast clearing house. Dr. White and his two assistants read every scrap in print which has to do with tuberculosis. If German scientists develop a new laboratory technique, the news is spread to the man who can use it. If experiments in Japan throw new light on a problem, information is relayed to the man at the microscope. The office receives bulletins from each of these associated universities and foundations and passes the information along. While the research people do a great deal of friendly visiting to and fro, in the main they depend for news on the Washington office.

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Twice a year they get together for a conference. Each man reads a paper telling what he has done in the past six months. If the results merit it, the evidence is presented to a group of men from the outside. They challenge him, testing and proving his findings. This Jury System, as it is officially called, has proved valuable in checking results.

The work has been carried on at a cost to the Association of about $20,000 a year. Some laboratories, like those of the Rockefeller Institute, are not allowed to receive outside funds. In others, the Association pays extra expenses incurred in this study, ranging from salaries for assistants to the purchase of motion picture equipment and meat and eggs for the animals.

Like any system, the plan presents some difficulties. There are dangers inherent in centralization. The research man needs to have a pretty free hand. If his powers put him among the geniuses, he must be allowed to work in his own way, even if it is eccentric. The executive in an organization like this cannot be in love with authority or with himself as the embodiment of it.

Another real danger is the demand for quick results, which is especially likely to be made if work is being carried on with the public's money. It is essential to proceed very slowly before making practical application of knowledge when you deal with suffering men and women.

Happily, none of these difficulties have arisen here in this blueprint plan for health. The head of the organization, although on the Federal payroll, has not been harassed by politicians. The funds contributed by the public to the Association have been given with confidence in its ability to handle them wisely, and the Association has justified that confidence by spreading the money over an unbelievable amount of work. Competition has not pitted laboratories against each other as in the case of business organizations, and driven men to hide their discoveries from one another. The plan has proved not only workable but it has illustrated a kind of an ideal of life, by which a large body of people, widely separated, work serenely toward a common end; pooling their knowledge and incidentally earning their livelihood. It is a design for work and life; a harmonious social whole which may be studied with profit, not only by those who are interested in methods of solving complex scientific problems, but by the rest of us, who are concerned with the future form of society.

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Men Who Sell You

by William E. Berchtold

In this NEW OUTLOOK *group personal-graph, Mr. Berchtold examines the men of modern advertising.*

EVERY DAY along Market Street from coast to coast a nation's shopping list is checked by the buyers for 25,000,000 households. That list contains the names of thousands of branded products known as well in Seattle and Los Angeles as in Boston and Miami. Those names appear on the list again and again, chiefly because the buyers for those 25,000,000 households have been moved to prefer them through advertising. Because their preferences are so universally alike, great industries have developed with facilities for mass production which have made America the richest nation in the world. Mass production, in turn, has made possible more perfect products at lower prices, a greater return to the consumer for each dollar he spends.

Probably no force has had a more profoundly creative role in determining the cause and rate of economic development in America than modern advertising. Yet advertising has become the target of severe attacks under the New Deal. Led by Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell, the New Dealers propose legislation designed to restrict advertising in such a way that it would not be recognized as a legitimate and vital part of the process of distribution, which it is, but as an unneeded barnacle on the economic structure. The attackers within the New Deal's circle of advertising reformers have been backed up with a growing literature from the pens of the neo-economists, led by Stuart Chase, who say that 540,000 of the 600,000 engaged in the advertising business should be released for more useful work. The case against advertising has been further documented by the Guinea Pig Engineers of Consumers' Research, headed by F. J. Schlink, who have contrived to mix fact and half-truth and innuendo into a delectable mixture which sells well to 40,000 subscribers to their confidential service and in such books as *"100,000,000 Guinea Pigs."* The New Dealers and the neo-economists and the Guinea Pig Engineers have all recognized the potentialities in exploiting a Depression-ridden nation only too ready to kick the pedestals from beneath the old gods of business and finance and modern advertising. They have employed a technique for exploiting the masses similar to that used by the fringe of the advertising world that they condemn.

None recognizes the desirability of eradicating those who prey on the public from that twilight fringe of the advertising world better than the man engaged in legitimate advertising. The need for reform is overshadowed by the need for finding new ways of making advertising more and more effective, and to that end the advertising man devotes his major efforts. The difference between Depression and Prosperity is a difference between the rate at which the manufactured product moves from the factory to the ultimate consumer. That rate depends in a large measure on the ability of advertising to move goods from the merchant's stock. The last two packages in a dozen usually represent the merchant's profit; until they are moved his business has been unprofitable.

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Consumers do not *demand* an increased standard of living such as has speeded up tremendously the economic development of the United States. This so-called "demand" has been built as the result of want-creation achieved through advertising. Through appealing to such basic emotions as fear, hunger and sex, new wants have been created through advertising and have motivated the so-called "demand" for an increased standard of living. It has been less than a century since bathtubs were taxed $30 a year as a "luxurious and undemocratic vanity," declared unlawful by at least one state, and banned by physicians as unhealthful. There is little doubt that the culture of America, sometimes measured by English wags in terms of such plumbing fixtures, has been influenced in a large degree by advertising.

If there is anything which distinguishes this age from the slow moving ages of the past, it is the fact that new information of value to society is no longer confined strictly to isolated groups or favored classes. Creative genius is not a characteristic peculiar to modern times. Chinese engineers, whose names were forgotten centuries ago, planned the Great Wall of China. The artists of Ancient Greece were incomparable in their skill. Persian shepherds were making rugs twenty centuries ago which are difficult to imitate even today. The *materia medica* of today's highly scientific medical profession is still filled with medicines of the Egyptian physicians. The change from the times when new information was solely available to favored groups to today's widespread dissemination of each new discovery, each new invention, each new product, has been achieved through the press, the radio and other media of mass impression. These media have had their greatest period of growth during the last quarter century when advertising, through the expenditure of billions of dollars, has made the printed page and the radio available to almost everyone.

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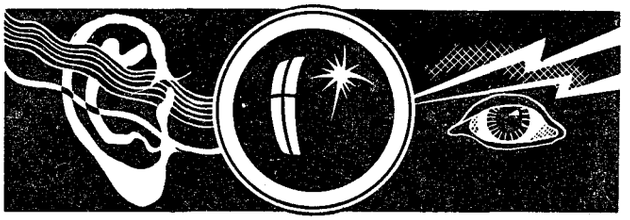
If the total cost of all advertising, which the highest estimates place at $15 per capita at the peak of Prosperity in 1929, were charged off in the cause of mass literacy and unification of national interest, it would be worth the price. The nation's per capita bill for taxes was $75 in 1929 and has gone far beyond that figure under the New Deal, while advertising expenditures have dropped off. Advertising represents three fourths of the newspaper income dollar and nearly two thirds of the magazine income dollar. From fifty to eighty per cent of the 35,000,000 people who drop from two to five pennies on the newsstand for a report of the world's news each day probably would be without that information if they had to foot the full cost of the publishing bill. Similarly, a weekly magazine of large national circulation which costs twenty-six cents to produce is sold to millions for five cents. The advertising bill is ultimately paid by the consumer, as a part of the cost of the products he buys, but the rich man who buys expensive products pays a larger proportion of the poor man's bill for reading matter. During the last fifty years of the popular press's growth in America, illiteracy has been reduced from 20 per cent of the total population to 5 per cent.



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Because the critics of advertising have emphasized the size of the total annual expenditures for advertising, there is a growing belief that advertising represents a major share of the total cost of each product. The percentage may be fairly high for luxuries, where *want-creation* is not easily achieved, but most products used in daily life by the masses include a very small fractional amount for advertising. The advertising cost represented in a 12 cent can of soup of a nationally known brand is 36/1000 of one cent. In a 10 cent package of a nationally advertised cracker it is less than 1/1000 of a cent. In a $1.95 shirt, it is 64/100 of one cent. In a 5 cent glass of Coca-Cola, it is 1576/1000 of a cent. In a $1.75 bed sheet, it is one cent. And so on through the list. All of them infinitesimally small prices to pay, especially when the carping critics under the New Deal banner are spending billions to sell their economic faith cures to the public. Modern business can hardly follow the government's method of virtually bribing the public to gain acceptance for its products.

It is a curious fact that while hundreds of writers of plays and novels and articles have become well known to the public by name through the press, the men who influence the nation's habits, living conditions and daily lives more than any group of literary figures are anonymous. They are a kind of ghost writer who uses the written word to move the masses to action and then signs someone else's name, the name of the product or company who pays for the publication of the advertising. The advertising writer is like an attorney in that his whole task is one of special pleading. He must plead the case for the product or service he is advertising, and may use any ethical means to achieve his end. Like the attorney, like the great showman, like the great writer, he usually recognizes that the masses can be reached more quickly through the emotions than through reason. Many people are incapable of thinking, most people don't want to think. The emotional approach, whether used to sell the economic faith cures of the New Deal or a cake of soap, is the quickest and most effective method of reaching the masses. Advertising to the masses can never be on a level higher than that of mass intelligence. Advertising which hits below that level is disbelieved and falls on fallow ground; advertising which is above that level fails to reach the maximum number of buyers. There is a vast difference in the character of advertising in a class magazine or journal of public opinion when contrasted with a daily newspaper or mass circulation weekly. The difference is dictated by the reading audience itself. Advertising will improve in form and become more sophisticated just as quickly as the masses of readers improve their tastes and level of intelligence. No panacea of the New Deal reformers can change that.

Few businesses have been so constantly on the alert in harnessing each new discovery and each new field of learning to its uses as advertising. The modern advertising agency, responsible for development of the major portion of national advertising, is a complex organization employing statistical research workers, chemists, psychologists, economists, sociologists, artists, writers and salesmen. The keystone in the whole structure of modern advertising is the creative man, for ideas are the currency of business; and the written word, whether finally printed or spoken on the air, is the basis for expression. The headline, in advertising as in the newspaper, is of first consideration, for if it does not get attention quickly it matters not what follows. The advertising slogan, nothing more than a headline which gains force through constant repetition, is a favored device of advertising writers. Good slogans are not easily created; an effective slogan is worth millions of words. Many of them are created through flashes of inspiration; most of them are the result of labored efforts. Advertising technique is far more profound than the slogan which the reader most easily remembers, but the slogan will be used here as a convenient device to call to mind some of the most interesting achievements of a group of men whose creative efforts in writing and furnishing ideas for advertising copy have influenced millions of people in all parts of the world. It is proposed to sketch quickly some facts and impressions from a living gallery of some of these creative workers who are the Men Who Sell You:

STANLEY RESOR. A Cincinnatian who came to advertising by way of selling soaps and shipping tool dies for a machine factory, Resor is the active head of the largest international advertising organization, the J. Walter Thompson Company. Tall, with a finely moulded face above broad shoulders, Resor's dignity, poise and impeccable dress mark him for what he is, a man who has been highly successful in advertising because of personality as well as acumen. His office in New York's Graybar Building is more like a living room in a town house than a business office. A Yale man, he got his first job in a Cincinnati bank at five dollars a week, later became shipping clerk in a tool factory, and wrote his first advertising for the Proctor & Collier agency

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in Cincinnati. J. Walter Thompson picked Resor and his brother, Walter, to establish a Cincinnati branch. Four years later Stanley Resor came to New York; since that time, 1912, he has been the head of the agency. The elderly Thompson sold out in 1916 and the following year Stanley Resor became president. The Thompson Company's accounts today include Eastman Kodak, Standard Brands, Ponds, Swift, Shell Oil, Cream of Wheat, Johns-Manville, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Guiness, Corning Glass, Penick & Ford, Scott Paper, Lux Flakes and Toilet Soap, Northam Warren, Sharp & Dohme, and a long list of other nationally known institutions.

The signature "Arbuckle Brothers" on the Yuban coffee package is in Stanley Resor's handwriting, a reminder that he has been connected with coffee advertising for a score of years. Today his company is concerned with the advertising of Chase & Sanborn coffee, which has risen from about one hundredth place to a position as one of the outstanding leaders.

A quarter of a century ago father stopped at the grocer's on Saturday night and painstakingly combined so-called Mocha and Java and nondescript coffees into the family's favorite blend. Arbuckle Brothers were already important coffee merchants then, and Resor convinced them that they should advertise their coffee. Yuban, a name coined by Resor became the name for *The Private Blend of the Greatest Coffee Merchants.* Although an expensive coffee, Yuban's sales mounted, replacing the current New York favorite of that day. The Thompson Company also handled Maxwell House advertising at one time. When Standard Brands, with its huge organization for delivering Fleischmann's yeast, acquired Chase & Sanborn, the advertising task fell in the hands of Resor and his associates. Coffee merchants long knew that coffee was at its best when it was freshly roasted, but they did not know how soon it lost its flavor and became stale. It required, at least, six months to get the coffee through the jobber to the retailer, and there was little they could do about getting it to the consumer more quickly. The Fleischmann delivery trucks reached 310,000 stores in the United States one or more times each week. Research chemists were called in to determine how quickly coffee became stale. Their reports,

showing that a pound of coffee contains a half cup of oil which becomes rancid before long, led to Chase & Sanborn's *Dated Coffee* and its subsequent Rancid Oil campaign.

RAYMOND RUBICAM. Two of America's best known slogans, Steinway's *The Instrument of the Immortals* and Squibb's *The Priceless Ingredient* came from the fertile mind of a youthful copywriter working far behind the impressive array of executives whose wood-panelled offices are the outward manifestations of an old, great and conservative agency, N. W. Ayer & Son. Working on the first copy task assigned to him after joining Ayer, 27-year-old Raymond Rubicam was distracted from his work by a pink slip placed on his desk. As he read the tinted order, briefly directing him to prepare three advertisements for Steinway pianos, the words "Instrument of the Immortals" flashed through his mind. He hurriedly jotted them down, tucked the memorandum in a desk drawer, and proceeded with his earlier assignment. The inspired slogan-headline still looked good to him the next day, formed the basis for his Steinway advertisements, became the slogan around which Steinway advertising has hinged for the last fifteen years.

Probably no single piece of advertising copy has been remembered so well as the original E. R. Squibb advertisement from which its now famous slogan was adopted. Puzzled librarians still search through anthologies for the origin of the fable which formed the body of the ad; many a smaller advertiser has appropriated the fable only to be warned that it is private property, Squibb's and not Aesop's; and Theodore Weicker, Squibb's bearded chief executive, has taken bows in magazine articles bearing his signature for having created the slogan. The young Ayer copywriter, Rubicam, labored over that copy, wrote scores of possible headlines on scores of yellow sheets of paper, finally lined up the most promising and espied "Priceless" as part of one headline and "Ingredient" in another. Put together they formed a new headline, to which he then wrote copy ending: "The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker." Still Squibb's slogan, it has been called "the world's greatest advertising property." When the ad was submitted to the astute Mr. Weicker, he liked it, but later sent it back to Ayer with alterations. He had introduced a fable, woven around Rubicam's idea to lead off the main body of copy. The fable told the story of Hakeem, the wise man of Baghdad, who was asked by a young man how to obtain full value for his money and replied: "A thing that is bought or sold has no value unless it contains that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient. . . . The Honor and Integrity of him who makes it." Rubicam took the heretical view that the client's suggestion improved the copy, then polished the fable into the form in which it is now remembered. Squibb's catch phrase *The Danger Line,* advertising its Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste, was, likewise, the work of Rubicam.

N. W. Ayer turned Rubicam down when he first applied for a job as copywriter. Neither his experience as a reporter on the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* nor his background as a motion picture machine operator, railroad freight clerk, or salesman of mining equipment impressed the Ayer organization. He had started to earn his living at 10, left school at 14 to work full time. The emoluments of newspaper reporting did not satisfy him, so he decided to try advertising. Attacking the list of agencies in the Philadelphia Red Book in alphabetical order, F. Wallis Armstrong had turned him down before N. W. Ayer also passed. His persistence finally won a place with Armstrong, and it was there that he got his copy training for a successful approach to the Ayer copy department. With John Orr Young, another Armstrong-to-Ayer adman, Rubicam founded Young and Rubican in 1923. Today his firm turns out the advertisements for Packard Motor Cars, Gulf Oil, Parke-Davis, General Electric Radios, Arrow Shirts and Collars, Vicks Vapo-Rub, Jell-O, Bordens Cheese, Johnson's Baby Powder, and many another nationally known product. It was Rubicam who put an end to "Children Cry for Castoria." Roxy on the air now sells Castoria as a special children's laxative, the product has been stripped of its old surroundings and old slogan, has been given new sales gains, after a long period of decline.

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Rubicam makes no pretense at writing or master-minding the huge volume of advertising copy which comes from his firm each year, although he built his reputation on copy. He now has 26 writers and his work is that of leader, counsellor and policy man. He caught young and trained well a quintet of "idea men" who are directly responsible for the major share of ideas on which Young and Rubicam copy is based. Headed by Charles L. Whittier, they are H. S. Ward, Mrs. Louise Taylor Davis, Robert D. Work and Arthur H. Eaton. All came under Rubicam's wing as cubs. As slogans are not being leaned on as heavily in copy today as they used to be, few Young & Rubicam campaigns are "sloganized." Human interest and the dramatic in words and pictures is characteristic of the new trend. *Mr. Coffee-Nerves* and *Little Albie,* two comic section series originated by Whittier for Postum and Grape-Nuts Flakes, Sanka's *Drink It and Sleep* and *Avoid the New York Jitters* campaigns, Fels-Naptha's shafts aimed at "Tattle-Tale Gray," the Kentucky Colonels series for Paul Jones Whiskey, Kayser Hosiery's *You Owe It to Your Audience* are examples of the agency's current work. First to use color rotogravure for national newspaper advertising, Rubicam was also first to turn to the comic pages for a new advertising medium. He based his interest in these innovations on research conducted by Dr. George H. Gallup, who heads a unit within Rubicam's organization for copy testing. A corps of 50 field men are constantly checking consumer-reader interest in newspapers, magazines and radio. The studies have revealed the relative values of rotogravure and comic page advertising, have appraised the success of such Young and Rubicam radio programs as Lawrence Tibbett for Packard, Jack Benny for Jell-O, Admiral Byrd for Grape-Nuts, and "45 Minutes in Hollywood" for Borden. Rubicam knows he cannot turn the art of advertising into an exact science, but works hard and spends money freely to get some of the exactness of science into it. His research unit, headed by Dr. Gallup, is a manifestation of his activity in that direction.

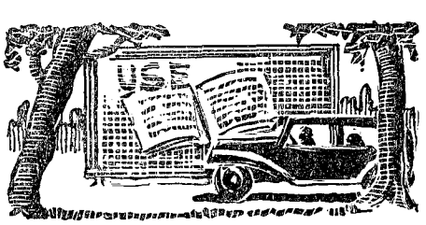
GERARD B. LAMBERT. Halitosis made him a multi-millionaire, and now he is a power in a company which has changed the faces of America's male population in less than two score years. It was Gerard Lambert who called Milton Feasley and Gordon Seagrove, representatives of the Chicago advertising agency of Williams & Cunnyngham, to St. Louis for a conference on a new advertising idea for Listerine, then classed by the medical profession as an "ethical" product. Lambert took his two visitors into the small, dirty office of his brother Marion when they arrived, closed the door and told them that they were going to come out of the room with an idea for Listerine.

Idea after idea was suggested as a possibility when suddenly Marion Lambert suggested "bad breath." Eyebrows went up; all three squelched him for such an indelicate thought. He brought it up later and again it was outlawed. The third time Gerard called over a low partition to a company chemist, who was asked whether Listerine was any good for bad breath. He excused himself for a minute and returned with a scrapbook of clippings from medical journals. As he turned the pages, he came to one saying: "Now, Listerine is good for halitosis." Gerard stopped him and said: "What is that?" "Why, Gerard," he said, "that is the medical term for unpleasant breath." "Wait a minute," said Gerard. "Say that again!" Feasley interjected: "There's something we can hang our hat on!" The old chemist was dismissed, and the four began talking about it. "I'm running a temperature on this already," Feasley remarked. That night Seagrove and Feasley returned to Chicago, wrote more than a score of ads on halitosis in two days. No ad contained *Even your best friend won't tell you* as a slogan or a headline, although the words did appear in the body of the copy. Those words, most commonly identified with Listerine in the public mind, and which have become a common American colloquialism, have not yet appeared as a slogan or headline in Listerine copy during more than ten years of advertising.

Lambert turned all of his profits back into advertising for several years after the campaign started, increased the space occupied by Listerine copy from single columns in newspapers to full pages in magazines and newspapers with millions of impressions each month. He finally decided that advertising an antiseptic was more fun than making it, so he came to New York with Milton Feasley, who had already become a legendary figure on the basis of his startling copy for Listerine, and set up his own agency, Lambert & Feasley. Lambert's ideas and Feasley's copywriting was an unbeatable combination, Listerine sales mounted on such copy as *Often a Bridesmaid Never a Bride* and *If You Want the Truth Go to a Child* (the latter showing a child pulling away from a kindly old man with halitosis).

Feasley died suddenly in 1926 and Lambert called Gordon Seagrove, the other participant in the St. Louis conference, to New York from a vacation in Michigan. Seagrove had worked on newspapers in Chicago and Los Angeles from morgue boy to reporter to deskman, had shipped on a Pacific sailing vessel for a time, and then wrote copy for several advertising agencies. He started Morton's Salt on its *iodized* appeal while with Williams & Cunnynham, was fired there and worked with two other agencies before coming to New York to take up Feaseley's work for Listerine. Seagrove built up Listerine Toothpaste sales in a highly competitive field, dramatizing price appeal (*Buy Silk Stockings with What You Save*) when America was at the crest of Prosperity. The sales for the 25-cent toothpaste continued to climb when the Depression made price appeal more important; and other toothpastes subsequently cut their prices. Seagrove has been responsible for Listerine copy for the last eight years, has used every conceivable approach to the four Listerine themes: halitosis, antiseptic, colds, sore throat. His latest series, of which *The Natives of Spitzbergen Perspire on the Ice Yet Seldom Catch Cold,* is current, are developed from ideas which Seagrove got while reading a *Fortune* article on the Common Cold.

Lambert retired from Listerine a multi-millionaire, spent much of his time on board his America's Cup yacht *Vanitie,* until the Gillette Safety Razor Company, in the midst of a merger and reorganization, induced him to accept its presidency. Now Gillette's chairman of the executive committee, Lambert takes an active interest in the company's advertising, uses many a slant which spelled success for Listerine



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to keep a fair share of the daily crop of shavers for Gillette. King C. Gillette's invention of the safety razor and the campaign to keep American faces clean of beards, changed the habits of a nation. Since basic Gillette patents expired in 1921, the company has had stiff competition, has lost its earlier corner on the beard and stubble market.

WILLIAM COLE ESTY. Successful showmen are students of people, of mass psychology—never willing to let their friends' or their own personal likes or dislikes dictate their approach to the public. Esty, the majordomo of Camel Cigarette advertising, is such a showman. He is an ardent student of mass psychology and has assiduously watched the work of such skilled showmen as Roxy, Joseph P. Day, Clarence Darrow, editors of mass publications, movie directors and many a Coney Island side-show barker. His library on abnormal psychology is large, an interest born of his belief that abnormal mental states are merely enlargements of desire and emotions which exist, under control, in the normal mind. By understanding the eccentricities of the abnormal mind, he seeks to discover new approaches to the normal mind through advertising.

With ten years of advertising experience, Esty entered the J. Walter Thompson Company in 1925, rose quickly to a vice-presidency. He is credited with reintroducing the mass testimonial, with instituting the practice of employing bio-chemists to study products for advertisable attributes, and other devices of modern advertising. His success in building Lux Toilet Soap to the rank of the largest selling personal soap, a campaign which he handled for eight years, demonstrated his ability as a showman and his understanding of women's desire for glamour and beauty.

When he resigned from the Thompson Company and signed a lease for 16,000 square feet of office space during the bank holiday two years ago, his friends marked him as an incurable optimist. No field of advertising is more difficult or more competitive than that which seeks to build brand preference for a soap or a cigarette. Esty had demonstrated his ability with a soap; now he was to take over the account of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company and its Camel Cigarette. The four leading cigarettes each spend from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 annually on advertising, so the agency that handles such an account automatically becomes one of the biggest.

Esty, the showman, opened his Camel campaign with the magician series: *It's Fun to be Fooled, But It's More Fun to Know.* His own interest in magic dates back to his prep school days when he called himself "Sardini, the Handcuff King," and did a very clever routine. The campaign got attention, sold cigarettes. How many cigarettes the public will never know, because few industries are as close-mouthed as the tobacco industry and no publicly announced statistics, other than those of the Government based on taxes from the entire industry, are accurate. Statistics on brands are always "from an authoritative source," which might be more properly labelled as "gossip." The campaigns which followed the magic series placed their emphasis on *Healthy Nerves* and *Jangled Nerves,* leading up to the current one whose slogan is *Get a Lift with a Camel.* Esty dug this latest one out of the researches of two Swedish scientists who discovered in 1925 that nicotine put into the body will increase the sugar content in the blood and release a supply of energy. Two Yale professors, studying optimum feeding periods for children and workmen, found that energy ran down between feeding on a fairly established curve, but their charts went haywire in plotting the energy curve for some workmen. The workmen, it was discovered, were tobacco smokers, and within 15 minutes after smoking, the sugar content of the blood was increased for from 30 to 40 minutes. Smoking did not supply energy, but it released sugar from storage to *add energy.* The Swedish professors had used Camels in their tests. Esty had the tests made again using Camels, with similar results. Consequently, he suggested: *Get a Lift with a Camel.* He has never tested any other cigarette.

Esty has a reputation for pouncing upon errors or mistakes made by his staff or associates. The slip which neither he nor more than a dozen persons in his office or in the tobacco company's office did not catch, caused many a reader to talk about the case of the Gentleman Rider, a Camel testimonial writer, who lost his amateur standing a couple of months ago. The vagaries of high speed color press work were responsible for eliminating considerable detail contained in the original copy, with curious results. The presses were running in magazine plants all over the country when one shop foreman noticed the transformation which high speed printing had achieved. Gossip-monger Winchell announced that Esty had lost the Camel account as a result of the slip, a falsehood which he retracted a few days later.

Esty's outer reception room contains the portraits of Mrs. Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, Mrs. Powell Cabot of Boston and many another woman who "prefers Camel's costlier tobaccos," their signed testimonials being framed with each. The white walls of his own office are relieved by two framed pictures among other decorations: one, from *The New Yorker,* shows the state of consternation which resulted when Camels were inadvertently served at a magicians' convention; the other, the oldest known woodcut of a tobacco plant.

KENNETH COLLINS. He has sharpened one of the greatest retail advertising feuds in America, a row which started when Gimbel's moved to New York in 1910 and located on 33rd Street just a block away from the world's largest store, R. H. Macy & Company. Collins was just a boy in the West when the opening gun was fired; he had not yet won his Phi Beta Kappa key at the University of Washington nor received his M.A. degree as Austin scholar at Harvard. He entered the fray on the side of Macy's in 1926 and boasted: *Macy's Sells for Cash,* then switched to Gimbel's in 1932 to shout: *Gimbel's Tells the Truth.*

Collins had been a preacher, then decided to be a teacher and ended up in advertising. Macy's employed him because of his knowledge of English, put him at reading proof and making Macy copy literate. He resigned at the end of a year to enter a Cleveland agency, was called back suddenly by Jesse Isadore Strauss to become advertising manager. During the five years that he directed Macy's effort, Collins developed a technique for reaching the masses by talking to the few, a kind of subtle snobbishness which clicked. He encouraged Margaret Fishback, whose urbane verse appears in *The New Yorker* frequently, to write sprightly, humorous copy, and other writers in the small army of Macy copywriters soon took up the cue. They turned out such lines as: "The cows destined for Macy's kit bags are not contented.

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They are thrilled." Oldtimers in the store hardly approved of wasting Macy advertising space with the display of such flippancies. Soon other stores were doing it, and the character of department store advertising all over the country was changing. Collins' instructions to Bernice Fitzgibbon to turn out a slogan to attract Park Avenue resulted in *It's Smart to be Thrifty*. Macy's sales hit $100,000,000 in 1929, stood at $80,000,000 even during the Depression years.

Then Collins suddenly left his $70,000-a-year vice-presidency at Macy's to take up a stand just a block away with Macy's old competitor, Bernard F. Gimbel. There were rumors of friction between Strauss and Collins over Collins's passion for personal publicity and his announced determination to make $1,000,000 by the time he is 43 years old. At 36, he has carried his debunking technique into Gimbel's copy with *Gimbel's Tells the Truth*. Gimbel's sales in all of the company's stores improved by more than $750,000 during Collins's first year on the job, with sales for 1933 at $72,878,000. Collins has told interviewers on occasion that he plans to retire when he gets his million together and enter politics, independent of money temptations.

Collins's successor at Macy's is the blond, bespectacled Paul H. Hollister, former copywriter at B.B.D.O, who won Harvard's Bok prize for his Macy institutional campaign, which had as its slogan: *No One is in Debt to Macy's*. He has most of the same corps of copywriters formerly under Collins, including such stars as Margaret Fishback and Bernice Fitzgibbon. Macy's ramparts are well manned and, with Collins firing away down the block, the old feud promises to provide department store advertising all over the country with a fast pace setter.

ARTHUR KUDNER. General Motors' institutional slogan, *An Eye to the Future, An Ear to the Ground,* placing before the public its customer research in the "proving ground of public opinion," is the work of this big, baldish, good-humored president of Erwin, Wasey & Company. Individualism, the New Dealers to the contrary, is not yet dead in America; and the *GM* campaign has effectively pitted the impersonal corporation against the highly individualized appeal of its biggest competitors, Henry Ford and Walter P. Chrysler. During his eighteen years in Erwin-Wasey, five of them as president, Kudner's genius for creating effective copy has helped to put many a product on the map.

A waggish biographer might open the story of Kudner's life with the line: "He once sang in grand opera, yet he coined 'athlete's foot.'" Kudner learned that an epidemic of *Tinea Trichophyton,* a ringworm fungus, was sweeping the country, recognized the possibilities for a well-advertised product which could combat it. A chemical research laboratory, which he employed to investigate, reported that Absorbine Jr., a liniment, was effective for treating the fungus. Kudner did not have the Absorbine Jr. account, but he prepared a campaign, coined the term *athlete's foot* as a substitute for the unpronounceable Latin name, and presented it to the makers of the liniment. Accepted by the company, the campaign's catchy headlines, *She Merely Carried the Daisy Chain . . . Yet She Has "Athlete's Foot"; His Heart Quickened at the Soft Fragrance of Her Cheeks, But Her Shoes Hid a Sorry Case of "Athlete's Foot,"* and many others, got attention, sent Absorbine sales sky-rocketing. The more recently added slant on Absorbine's usefulness as a sleep inducer, *There's a Good Night's Sleep in the Palm of Your Hand,* has combined to keep sales up during the Depression years. Sleep, still an ineffectively explored field of medical study, is largely psychological; almost any fragrance in the room will aid sleep; and Absorbine Jr. users have written many letters attesting its value in fighting insomnia.

To get back to Kudner's singing in grand opera, that experience came following a tour of the United States and Europe with a concert company at nineteen. He still has a rich, deep voice, but he uses it mostly in endless conferences on advertising problems. The son of a Lapeer, Mich., newspaper editor, Kudner served as a reporter on the Detroit *"Free Press"* and the late New York *"World"* after his concert experience, later came under the wing of the late Ralph Estep, Packard's advertising manager, who started him in an advertising agency writing Packard copy. Estep is generally credited with having created Packard's famous *Ask the Man Who Owns One* slogan. When war was declared Estep went to France never to return; Kudner wrote the first emotional advertisements for the sale of Liberty Bonds. His power to emotionalize and dramatize an idea in simple language again gained prominence when his *Let's Get Back to Work* advertisement won a Harvard Award in the first year of the Depression, and was reprinted as an editorial in hundreds of newspapers.

When tire advertisers had run dry of adjectives and high-sounding claims for their products, Kudner recently dramatized the testing which evolved the Goodyear G-3 tire. Within a short time buyers all over the country were demanding the tire in preference to all others in the line. The concurrent claims of a rival tire manufacturer, while exceeding those made by Goodyear, proved far less effective in terms of actual sales. A clever strategist, Kudner was quick to recognize the possibilities of a tire built by Goodyear far better than the average car needed, and advertised as such. The Double-Eagle Goodyear, twice the price of other tires in the line, not only sold well on its "you-don't-need-such-an-expensive-tire" advertising, but it boosted all of Goodyear's sales in other lines.

While Kudner still keeps a typewriter handy in his spacious, panelled office in New York's Graybar Building and pounds out, never dictates, his copy, a major share of the agency's copywriting is now done by a corps of copywriters under Kudner's able copy chief, James H. S. Ellis, with the aid of Paul E. Newman, the art director who is largely responsible for the effects obtained in such advertisements as those for Fisher Body and National Distillers. A sports enthusiast, Kudner spends some time each year on his 85,000 acre ranch in New Mexico and on his Maryland farm, likes to ride horses and fly in his two airplanes.

RALPH STARR BUTLER. He is as important to the food consuming public for what he keeps out of advertising as he is for directing what shall be put in. Thickset, with close-cropped gray hair and bushy eyebrows, Butler is the vice president in charge of advertising for the 20-odd branded products which come under the General Foods banner. He has been called the No. 1 Advertising Manager among major national advertisers, because of the influence which his conservatism has exerted in eliminating the unethical or half-truth from food advertising. Trained for the law profession, one-time university instructor and advertising manager of the U. S. Rubber

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Company, the Barrett Company, Devoe & Reynolds and Postum, successively, Butler directed Postum's advertising at a time when a score of new products were being added through mergers to form General Foods. His conservatism extends to bridge as well as advertising.

J. STIRLING GETCHELL. Young, enthusiastic, quick-moving, he decided in 1931 that most advertising was in a rut, determined to take a fling at setting up his own agency. His friends' counsel all had the same tone: "Start a new advertising agency in times like these? . . . You're crazy!" He had built a reputation for writing copy, had served in eleven different agencies in eleven years, a dubious honor. But April, 1931, found him and his new partner, J. V. Tarleton (whom he had met as art director while writing copy for the J. Walter Thompson Company) ready for business. They had no prospects, nothing in sight, no friendly former client who had whispered: "Go ahead, I'll give you the business." They decided to attempt no raids on the accounts of their latest employers, J. Walter Thompson and Lennen and Mitchell. Collecting service fees for free lance work, they paid their overhead by turning out special ads for General Tires, Lydia Pinkham, Vicks, Chesterfield. They worked night and day with seemingly unlimited nervous energy. To get a dramatic "shot" for their General Tire ads, they staged their own automobile accident, rumpled up their hair and clothing and acted the part of the bewildered victims of bad tires. Their Lydia Pinkham ad titled *I'm Sorry . . . Not Tonight!* gained recognition as a classic. They built live, human values into every advertisement. Getchell supplied the ideas and copy; Tarleton furnished striking layouts and brilliant photography.

Getchell felt that automobile advertising was stereotyped and sterile, that in a day of photography its unconvincing artists' drawings of motor cars had failed to keep pace. He wrote his thoughts to DeSoto's president, bought a DeSoto himself and prepared to build an advertising campaign on new ideas for that car. The result, accepted by DeSoto, electrified the automobile industry, brought about revolutionary changes in motor car advertising. The campaign, bubbling over with emotional appeal, used photography lavishly, from candid camera "shots" to brilliant color photography. His *Expect to be Stared At* theme was typical of the series. DeSoto sales climbed quickly. It had taken eight months for Getchell to land his first big account, DeSoto, but he finished his first year with a profit.

Getchell's *Look at All Three!* campaign for Plymouth, added a year after DeSoto put Plymouth in a class to be considered with Ford and Chevrolet almost overnight. Plymouth had never been one of the three leaders in sales, had never enjoyed popular preference or consideration with the older and better known leaders before. Instead of paid-for testimonials from big-wigs, he got interviews with run-of-the-mine owners. He showed that he could talk with millions about a technical product in words they understood, a quality which reached its most striking form in the announcement of the new Airflow model: *A New Kind of Car That Bores a Hole Through the Air; The Rain on This Windshield Runs Uphill;* etc. Charged with the dramatic, the advertisements gained attention, boosted sales.

When President Roosevelt sought to stimulate buying in August, 1933, Getchell called his staff together, discussed plans for a national advertising campaign to be undertaken by the Government itself. Within three days, the entire plan for a $6,500,000 campaign, including 16 full-page newspaper advertisements, magazine insertions, billboards and radio programs turned out. Getchell was soon on his way to Washington, placed his proposal before General Johnson, Press Agent Michelson and other government officials. He offered his agency's services without cost to the government. The plan became enmeshed in government red-tape; William Randolph Hearst, hearing about the proposal through one of his editors, salvaged it, ran the series in his own newspapers as full-page "illustrated editorials." Washington, meanwhile, decided to place its dependence on free newspaper publicity, free radio time, no direct advertising. Publisher Hearst, enthusiastic about the campaign, called Getchell to his San Simeon, Calif., ranch, paid him for the advertisements Getchell offered to donate, commissioned him to write promotion campaigns for the Washington *"Herald,"* Baltimore *"News,"* New York *"Journal"* and *"American."*

Socony-Vacuum, America's second largest oil company, invited Getchell along with other agencies to present an advertising campaign proposal. Fed up with the technical claims of rival gasolines which he felt did not lend themselves to belief, he worked night and day learning the oil business during the three weeks before proposals were due, kept a corps of workers isolated in his century-old Greenwich, Conn., house on week-ends. Presented in forty minutes to Socony-Vacuum executives, the plan urged shifting of emphasis to friendly service. A week or so later, Socony-Vacuum's advertising manager walked into Getchell's Chrysler Building office, presented him with the account. Not yet four years old, the Getchell agency with its staff of 135, housed in prosperous-looking offices in New York, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles is the most closely watched phenomenon in advertising. Still no pusher of buttons, Getchell has a hard time keeping his feet off his highly polished desk, deserts his finely furnished office whenever possible in favor of a copywriter's cubbyhole.

BRUCE BARTON. Probably the most widely known of all advertising creators; not for his advertisements, which have naturally been anonymous, but for his magazine success stories, his newspaper sermonettes and his three books which became best-sellers: *"The Man Nobody Knows," "The Book Nobody Knows,"* and *"What Can a Man Believe?"* Men for centuries have created their gods to their own image and likeness, but it took Bruce Barton to tear the red whiskers from the Sunday school Christ and dress him in the modern garb of a successful advertising man. Barton's own life story fits his favorite success story formula perfectly. Reared in a country parsonage, he was successively a newsboy, door-to-door peddler, student at Amherst, railroad gang worker, editor of a religious paper and successful advertising man. Now a partner in the tongue-twisting titled firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn (B.B. D.O.), he still pecks out copy on the battered typewriter on which he began his writing career, as well as revising, editing, or polishing the copy of younger men in the agency.

An exponent of the homely, human theme, simply, briefly told, he coined for the United War Services the slogan now used by the Salvation Army: *A man may be down but he's never*

(*Continued on page* 55)

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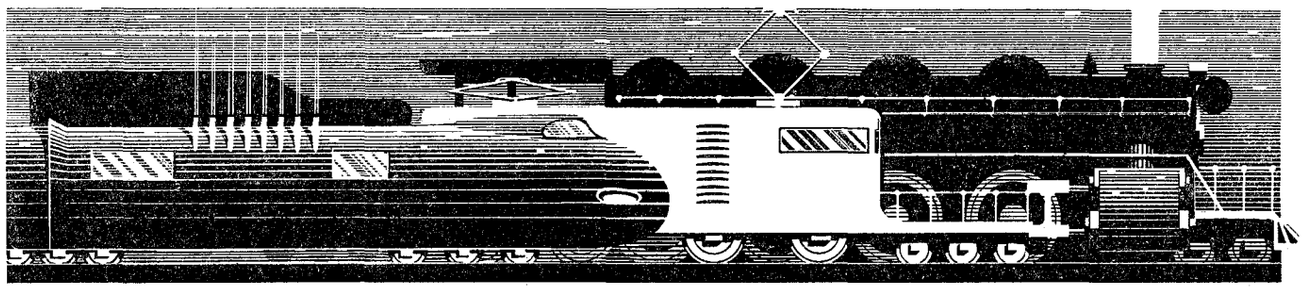
Steam Fights Back

by Donald Wilhelm



What does the final arrival of the Diesel-powered streamlined train mean to the steam train? Not the demise of the old iron horse, according to Mr. Wilhelm, writer and authority on industrial subjects, who predicts the coming of a titanic struggle on rails, a rebirth for railroading.

IN THE HOMES of the nation's commuters, in family conferences on travel plans—be they for the nominal head of the family alone or for the whole family—in power plant laboratories, in not unduly crowded board rooms, they are talking today. Who? Everyone. About the dawn of a new era of speed on rails. In roundhouses, in coal offices, in signal towers, in dispatchers' shacks, in boiler factories, they are talking about the dawn of a new era of speed. But the two groups are not talking about the same thing. The former speaks with the light of a great vision in the eye, the glint of the dreamer who sees fairy-light, articulated metal, energized by Diesel-produced electricity, annihilating distance in long silver streaks. The average age of the latter group of talkers is considerably greater than that of the first, they are a little grayer about the temples, a trifle more realistic, and they speak from experience, perhaps with some sentimental memories of *"Old 99"* and with a vague recollection that something like this present threat of the Diesel-streamlined *"10001"* and her silver-colored sisters occurred once before.

Although they themselves, and rightly, inspired it, there is not the unanimity of unreasoned enthusiasm for the new train, an enthusiasm on the part of the layman which permits of belief that we will wake tomorrow and see everywhere, and only, on steel rails the new high-speed streamlined train. It can't be as simple as that. The realists of railroading know better. They know that progress is often represented by two steps forward and one step back. Old *"10001"* (we'll be calling it "old" affectionately very shortly) and the *"Zephyr"* have demonstrated long, rushful strides forward. Pending the inevitable recession to consolidate the victories of progress, to conform the new instrument to work-day practices of scheduled transportation, steam is preparing to fight back. The now discernible evidence is that it will be a grand and spectacular fight, regardless of the ultimate outcome. And also regardless of that outcome, it may well prove to be one of the epics of railroading in America. One thing: the achievement of new, regular-run speeds (a general stepping up of running time) will be an inevitable result. A day of extensive re-equipment has arrived for laggard American railroads. We'll ride better tomorrow.

The achievement of the light metal, Diesel-powered, streamlined train does not represent the first time that the Sword of Damocles has swung over the head of the old Iron Horse. For example, what did N. W. Storer, Chief Engineer of the Railway Division of the Engineering Department of the Westinghouse Electric Company, so conclusively tell the members of the New York Railroad Club at their meeting of September 20, 1907? Just this, with not a dissenting voice:

"We do not need to say much in defense of the electric locomotive. It does not need any defense. My only fear is that we are going to be compelled to build electric locomotives faster than we can get facilities for doing so; that is, when we consider that the 47,000 steam locomotives are to be replaced by electrics in this country, and to be replaced in such a short space of time that many good locomotives will have to be sent to the scrap heap!"

With a snort the old Iron Horse met this challenge with a will: Since 1907 nearly 60,000 new steam locomotives

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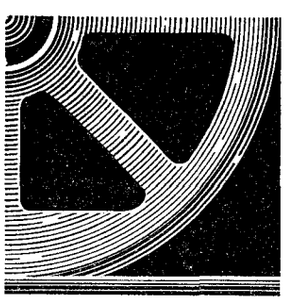
have been built in America *for use in America.* There are 10,000 more in use and storage today than in 1907. The electrified route miles in the United States at this date constitute less than one per cent of our total quarter-million of railroad route miles, and, in the main, because of the large initial investment required, they are not likely to be generally increased. The Dieselized unit, like the steam-unit, advantageous as a rule in that it is self-contained, is a further discouragement to electrification, regardless of the fact that in some areas, for example in tunnel operation and in congested areas where large track capacity is expedient and in some metropolitan areas where steam is prohibited, electrified transport is desirable. Undoubtedly it has bearing on the fact that in 1932 49 per cent of America's railroad passenger revenue was paid for riding on only 10 per cent of our railroad mileage, that represented by the Pennsylvania, New York Central and New Haven systems, all of which are in a measure electrified.

The issue here—the real battle of the century in transportation—is *not* between the electrified rail unit and the steam-unit. That fight seems to be over, despite the fact that the fifty-seven new Pennsylvania electric-driven units, recently ordered, represent one of the largest purchases of power equipment ever made by a railroad. They are to be streamlined and though no official pronouncement about their top speed is available it is easy enough to see that electrified speed of two miles a minute is wholly conceivable in units designed to that end. And such a speed, with the advantage of in-town and convenient terminals, may well be our railroads, effective answer to other non-rail forms of transportation. But it is not for these reasons alone that all the roundhouse talk goes on in America today about the renascence of interest in speed on rails. It springs rather from a traditional respect for steam, and further from a belief that steam has never really been given a chance—that it has been inhibited and restricted unnaturally in that period which should have seen its greatest natural growth. So great is the conviction of some of the older, admittedly more conservative, minds in railroading about this point that there are some interesting activities going on, more or less secretly, in the repair shops for steam locomotives of the nation. A tentative plan of one of the larger eastern railroads is to stage an actual knock-down and drag-out fight between a light steam-powered train and one of the modern light-metal miracles.



Spectacular as such a contest might be, and as great as traditional prejudice of individual railroads may be, what the railroad fraternity really seeks in such a contest is the *answer:* the real truth. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, for example, has accepted the loan of one of the modern 3,600 horsepower Diesel trains, and is reported to be building two other similar trains; yet the road's veteran president, Mr. Willard, has been seen frequently in recent months in the road's main shops supervising the rehabilitation of *"Lady Baltimore."* *"Lady Baltimore"* is one of the more elderly dames of the Steam Family. Twenty years old, she has been places and seen things. For some secret test, the complete details of which have not been announced at this writing, she has had installed within her still august person a new 300-pound-pressure boiler, and been given new 84-inch drive-wheels. Mr. Willard happened in upon this rejuvenating process recently and discovered that the old engine was being prepared for her part in the battle of steam which is ahead, that her face was being lifted with unorthodox streamline gadgets and whatnots. "That doesn't even look like a steam locomotive! Take all that sheathing off!" he ordered.

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The public generally is more or less familiar with the sudden rush of orders which have come from the railroads for the new-type Diesel streamlined train.

In addition to the *"M-10001,"* the Union Pacific has on the way into service three additional trains, likewise new in kind and powered with Winton Diesels, one of six cars with a 900 horsepower motive unit, the others of nine cars with 1,200 horsepower units, the cars of which are being built by Pullman, at Chicago.

The Burlington has two more 3-car articulated trains, like the *"Zephyr,"* the first of its kind in regular service, where it has not been able to carry all the passengers it attracts, for service between Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. These are being assembled by the Budd Manufacturing Company.

The Baltimore & Ohio, as already indicated, in its own shops, is producing two streamlined trains, one of an aluminum-alloy and the other of Cor-Ten, one to be hauled by steam, the other by a Diesel-electric.

The New Haven has under way, in addition to fifty streamlined, modern light cars not articulated, a "Rail Zeppelin" train, reported as having three cars and a Diesel-electric power unit at each end, to eliminate turn-arounds, for service between Providence and Boston (44 miles in 44 minutes), through a congested area.

The Boston & Maine has a 3-car train, by Budd and Winton, to travel 115 miles per hour, to be called *"The Flying Yankee,"* in addition to ten *de luxe* modern cars being made, like the New Haven's cars, by Pullman-Bradley at Worcester, Mass.

The Illinois Central has a 5-car, 1,200 horse power, $400,000 train, by Pullman, on the way.

The Sante Fé has one 3,600 horsepower Diesel-electric locomotive on order. The Lackawanna has another.

The Gulf, Mobile & Northern has ordered from the American Car & Foundry Company two light 3-car non-articulated streamlined trains of three cars each and seven extra non-articulated streamlined coaches, one with a 600 horsepower Diesel-electric power plant.

And to all of this, what is steam's answer? There is an answer, now being prepared, about which the public knows very little.

With some of its fifty beautifully appointed new cars now being completed at the rate of one a day—light by comparison with the old, not radically streamlined and not articulated so that they can be used in any train like other cars—the New Haven has been making some experiments which obviously indicate that the steam locomotive is not to be quickly or lightly abandoned. Without diffi-

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culty in these experiments the old Iron Horse has been attaining sustained speeds of 87 miles in areas by no means so propitious for speed as many others.

The Baltimore & Ohio's rejuvenated old steam locomotive, not now streamlined, it is reported will be capable of moving along at more than 90 miles per hour. The New York Central has streamlined another old locomotive, to see what it can do, while its president reaffirms faith in steam. The Santa Fé indicates that when so minded, and willing to clear the way for *"The Chief,"* its crack train from Los Angeles to Chicago, it could give the *"M-10001"* a run for its money.

Other roads have manifested willingness or desire to remove some of the many handicaps by tradition imposed on the steam locomotive, such as the excessive weight of Pullman cars of around eighty-five tons each (the *"M-10001"* weighs only 211 tons complete, including power unit and full load), and to give it a chance.

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And the Milwaukee has been more explicit in behalf of steam than any other road whose plans are available. Reflecting many a railroad executive's resentment against what some call "stunts" and insisting upon the inherent railroad need of flexibility in power and train capacity, in July, 1934, without any special preparation, with a regular steam locomotive in regular service, this road permitted a regular train to smash all steam records by travelling from Mayfair, Illinois, to Lake Wisconsin, a distance of 69.9 miles, at an average speed of 91.1 miles per hour while at times attaining 103 miles an hour. Then, in October, this alert road did what no other anywhere in America, and possibly in the world, has done. It ordered, from the American Locomotive Company, two new fairly light, scientifically streamlined locomotives to haul two new fairly light but, except for the tail end of the last cars, ***not*** streamlined trains between Chicago and St. Paul, one each way daily, 411 miles, to be covered, including five stops, in 330 minutes at average cruising speed of 72 miles an hour. In order to do this, no matter the weather, snow, blizzards or other conditions which at times confront railroads, these locomotives, with 300-pound-pressure boilers and four 84-inch drive wheels, are guaranteed to haul their appointed full-size loads at 100 miles an hour.

But while the main issue concerns a tussle between steam and Diesel power, this does not mean that these are the only factors involved. Also interested are some of the largest industrial and labor organizations of the country.

First, our huge electrical industry has an interest in this issue, for the simple reason that mechanical drive for Diesel rail units is not now and may never be practicable. The Diesel unit, in other words, is in a sense an electrical unit. In it a Diesel motor, a motor necessarily heavy because it is fired by compression at high temperature without use of spark plugs, or more than one motor, with a central generator, is used to manufacture electricity on wheels, to energize those wheels, along with the wheels of the train it is hauling.

Also, our fifty-odd Diesel manufacturers have an interest in the issue. Therefore General Motors, whose Diesel subsidiary is Winston, has an interest; working together, General Motors and General Electric, with all their research facilities to be considered, are building many of the Dieselized, or oil-electric, units that are being, or are to be, tried out against the steam unit. A GM-GE unit is that of the Union Pacific's train, the *"M-10001."* The same two corporations are providing the power units of three more Union Pacific Dieselized trains along with the 3600 horsepower unit to be loaned to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

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Other manufacturers new to the railroad game or now approaching it in a new way are also interested in the issue. For example, the E. G. Budd Manufacturing Company, which built the *"Zephyr,"* is building other trains. On one side, too, is our coal industry; steadily the one-time trend to oil for steam locomotives has trekked back to coal. On the other side is Oil.

Directly interested, too, are giant metallurgical concerns—the Aluminum Corporation of America, with alloys of aluminum and of promising magnesium for sale, and the United States Steel, one of whose alloy steels, Cor-Ten, is used in one of the new streamlined trains built by the B & O; Bethlehem Steel Corporation, which has also built a train, for the Norfolk & Western.

And squarely at the center of the whole vast picture are the Big Three—the American Locomotive Company, Baldwin and Lima. The first two of these are nearly a century old; all three are rooted deep in the traditions of the railroad industry. All have formidable research facilities which have made important contributions that, in the traditions of the railroad industry, have not come to the attention of the public. All make steam locomotives. All are now prepared to make Diesel-electrics. It no doubt will be news to many that American has provided, in addition to the thousands of steam locomotives, along with its share of the 150 Dieselized switching units now in use, hundreds of electric locomotives for the New York Central and New Haven roads, and, to boot, the largest ever made, for the Virginian Railroad.

Now, to make the issue still more exciting, there are 1,700,000 railroad employees, many of whom may be affected by the eventual outcome of the issue. Add all those people and institutions owning twenty billions of railroad securities, including in the picture some millions of Americans who are depositors in mutual savings banks and allied institutions and the policy holders of our insurance companies, which also own large amounts of railroad securities. Add hundreds of areas, and thousands of concerns, with all their employees, directly interested in the purchases of our railroads, by all odds our largest consumers of materials. Add, finally, all of us who ride on trains.

The issue is simple enough: *Which unit is to win through, Diesel-electric or steam, in main-line railroad passenger hauling?* For it is not, at this date, a question of main-line freight hauling. Main-line freight hauling, the mainstay of our railroads, has by no means suffered so badly

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as passenger traffic, which has fallen off more than 70 per cent since the peak year of 1920. Since the post-war return of the roads to their owners, it has been made progressively faster and in all directions vastly more efficient. Although 60 per cent of our steam locomotives are twenty years old or older, nevertheless, those in common use generally provide around 3,500 to 4,000 horsepower and frequently haul at high speed cargoes of 10,000 net tons, the equivalent of the loads of 1,000 10-ton trucks. As yet there is in service no Diesel-electric railroad unit of such power. Some such, multi-motored, are promised. But steam units are available, are by comparison cheap, enduring, and railroads are chary of promises, of innovations not absolutely necessary, so many in the past having failed to stand up under the punishment administered in the laboratory of the road.

Railroad men are eminently practical men, realists decidedly, who, for many understandable reasons of organization and maintenance, are notoriously prone to leave well enough (even bad enough) alone. So here, I think, we may score one for steam, in main-line freight hauling. It must be remembered that freight switching must clearly be distinguished from main-line freight hauling. In switching, single-motor Diesel-electric units of about 600 horsepower, about 150 of which are in use, have conclusive superiorities, at busy terminals, over steam units.

The issue likewise involves, but it does *not* turn on, branch-line passenger traffic. Here, already in use, there are approximately 1,000 Dieselized or gasoline motorized *rail cars,* with more on order, to replace trains, often of only one or two cars, now hauled by steam locomotives that have seen better main-line days.

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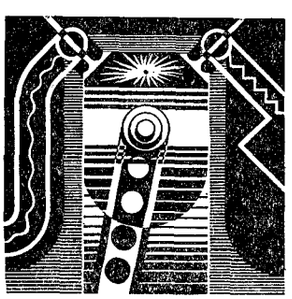
Numerous railroad experts insist that light steam locomotives designed for light branch-line work can just as efficiently handle light loads (an opinion which your roving reporter, with the memory of an elephant and the curiosity of a magpie, much doubts). If that be the case, then railroads are likely to avoid maintenance facilities for both steam *and Diesels.*



Much emphasis has been placed upon passenger comfort. But other things being equal, with air-conditioning, an essential to scientific streamlining, removing the main passenger objections to steam, it is my belief that passengers do not care one whoop whether a Dieselized or a steam unit hauls them, if only they get there (*where* is another matter), as comfortably and as fast as they want to go.

And, though here I beseech my reader not to hurry through the ceiling at once, it is *not,* in the long view, a question of speed. The simple fact is that with few exceptions our railroads have not gone in for speed. In other words, they have not attempted, with all too few exceptions have not even approached, and certainly have not exhausted, the speed possibilities of steam. That is why the new light streamlined, Dieselized trains, the Union Pacific's *"M-10001"* and the Burlington's *"Zephyr,"* in coming over the railroad and public horizon like revelations, beautifully dramatized in accordance with the best traditions of our automobile industry, not only made more history and excited more public interest in a jiffy than our railroad industry had aroused in a generation, but also performed an infinitely precious service in waking up the old Rip Van Winkle himself, that is, our railroad industry.

Now suppose we list twenty-five of our best steam passenger trains, the *"Twentieth Century," "Broadway Limited"* and the rest of them. Then we figure out and set down their schedules. Next we check back twenty years and set down, wherever possible, comparative findings. Then we can see beyond doubt that, with only a half dozen or so exceptions, the schedules of our crack trains have not been improved in twenty years! Further, you will find that, with the exception of a half dozen or so trains, even our crack trains maintain average speeds between endpoints of their runs of only between thirty and forty miles an hour!

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Possibly our forefathers were content—felt that they were getting their money's worth—while travelling as the porpoise nowadays seems to travel. It was then an event to travel at all; you liked prolonging the event! Today, given certain emergencies, I could, I have often felt, for short distances, beat some of our crack trains on my hands and knees, no matter how gray my beard! Certainly I could beat them with the 15-year-old Cadillac I sold for ten dollars the other day. And many a fellow does beat them in his car. Moreover, the airplane, now carrying passengers at a fifth of the speed of the sun round the Equator, is always in our minds for comparative purposes. Further, the airplane and the automobile long since energized redefinition of the convenient measurement, *"miles per hour."* In other words, they have so vastly improved passenger comfort, well aware as their designers have been that human rather than power limitations had to be overcome, that the expression, *"miles per hour,"* has come, by implication and in reality, to mean infinitely greater travel comfort than of old, at much greater speed than of old.

And the railroads? There has been no increase in speed and there has been no "general" improvement in increasing the attractiveness of railroad traffic in years and years. Safety, which means weight as well as fewer claims for compensation, has been the thing the roads in general have tried to sell. In 1932 they lost just one paying passenger, yet, for many reasons, while annually the projectile called the automobile went on killing almost as many people as we lost in battle during the 18 months we fought the World War and injuring a million, automobiles swiftly grew in popularity. There has been no general improvement in cutting down delays at railroad stations, little if any in expediting the handling of express and baggage, even of passengers. In short, there is overwhelming evidence that our railroads have not gone in for speed.

And, by the same token reinforced by the records, they certainly have not exhausted, indeed have hardly approached, the speed possibilities of steam. Suddenly, against this do-nothing background, the Diesel-electric unit appears, hauling a train wholly new in kind.

The forerunner of this new train appeared first in Germany, the *"Flying Hamburger,"* in 1932, to cover the 179 miles between Berlin and Hamburg in 140 minutes, on a run, by the way, where repeatedly, when repairs were needful, steam trains of conventional design and weight have

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replaced it and as a rule come in on time. Then it appeared in the United States, notably in the Union Pacific's *"M-10001"* and the Burlington's *"Zephyr,"* the first to create a complete sensation by its non-stop run from Denver to Chicago, 1,015 miles in 785 minutes, at an average speed of 77.5 miles per hour, with the *"M-10001"* biding its time and then crossing the continent, from Los Angeles to New York City, in 56 hours and 55 minutes, in an hour less time than the Sante Fé *"Chief,"* the fastest of steam trains operating between Los Angeles and Chicago, covers that distance. These two trains, as everyone was well advised, in short order broke almost all existing speed records on rails. The *"M-10001"* maintained an 84-mile-an-hour average for 508 miles between Cheyenne and Omaha and, between Kimball and Potter, Nebraska, shortly before midnight on the evening of Tuesday, October 23, 1934, covered eighteen miles at 109 m.p.h. and two miles at 120 m.p.h.

These events at once crystallized the issue, at once led most Americans to assume that the old iron horse was doomed, that the Diesel-electric would replace it in main-line passenger hauling as well as in switching and branch-line work. But *is* the issue settled?

If, in the light of many conversations, I can reflect the general views of our railroad executives on the central issue: Steam vs. Diesel-electric in main-line passenger hauling, then these conclusions may no doubt be set down:

All but one or two heartily agree that if the *"M-10001"* and the *"Zephyr"* disappeared over the horizon tomorrow, like ghost trains, they would, nevertheless, deserve immortality for having focussed public attention on the railroads like nothing else in a generation; made their executives aware of lost opportunities and of what the public wants, and energized what now promises to be the greatest era of railroad replacements and record-making in history.

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Next, however, it must be kept in mind that these history-making train records were achieved under conditions extraordinary. Railroad men appear to be familiar with these conditions but appear to hang together, lest they hang singly, in refusing to promulgate them in public. They know and in candid moments point out, for example, that the *"Zephyr"* made her run from Denver to Chicago down-grade, Denver being a mile above sea-level and, I have repeatedly been told, attained her top speed at the end of a 14-mile grade where track and other conditions were ideal. Further, she made no stops. In routine practice, it is hardly conceivable that when hauling only 125 passengers at most (a New York City commuting train often hauls 1,000), in competition with passenger airplanes, say, a train could profitably make no stops. Further, with due regard for safety, the track was cleared before her, long ahead. Likewise, with due regard for safety as well as speed, the *"M-10001"* made her transcontinental run under special conditions and, I am told, at times, at around 75 m.p.h., swayed so precariously that work on her two sister-trains of nine instead of five cars was stopped in order to permit extensive redesigning.

Nevertheless, with an eye to recouping their passenger losses, a goodly number of railroads have acquired or have on order, in nearly all instances with funds borrowed from the government, Dieselized power units, complete trains, or cars exemplified by the *"M-10001"* and the *"Zephyr."* And all alert railroads, it may be assumed, are seriously contemplating the part they are to play, by use of electricity, steam, or Diesels and appropriate equipment, in the new era of railroad transportation that is at hand.

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Now, while steam squares around slowly, because large bodies (including railroads) move slowly, to meet the issue of the day and the challenge of the Diesel-electric, perhaps we may safely summarize with these observations and conclusions:

First. Our steam locomotives in storage and use (in many instances interchangeably for freight and passenger duty), are in more than the majority twenty years old or older. During these twenty years far more progress has been made in steam combustion generally, and notably in steam locomotive design, than had been made during all the years before. But, because only 477 new locomotives were built in 1932 and 521 in 1933, the replacements warranted by operating economies will keep all of our locomotive plants working full time for many years to come.

Second. Now that the jinx of excessive weight in passenger locomotives and cars has been broken, so that the 1,200-ton total weight of a 14-car Twentieth Century may be halved, say, there is simply no saying, certainly no precedent for saying, what the new iron horse explicitly and for the first time explicitly designed for speed, may do.

Third. Air-conditioning, an essential to scientific streamlining, and the revolutionary revision now current in car comforts and conveniences, even to dehydrated and non-frosting windows and indirect lighting of course, are quite as practicable in steam-hauled as Diesel-electric trains. Who cares, all things being as nearly equal as they can be made to be, whether it's a rejuvenated iron horse that sweeps us along, or an oil-electric?

Fourth. We are going to have in all respects a better, faster railroad ride than ever before, quite possibly a cheaper ride, possibly one so much better, faster and cheaper that we shall in much larger numbers in the future elect to go by rail rather than by car or bus. And we may thank science, and in a large measure the *"M-10001"* and the *"Zephyr,"* for it.

Fifth. Without the least question, our railroads are entering upon the greatest era of replacements in all their long history, which ought to be heartening in terms of national recovery.

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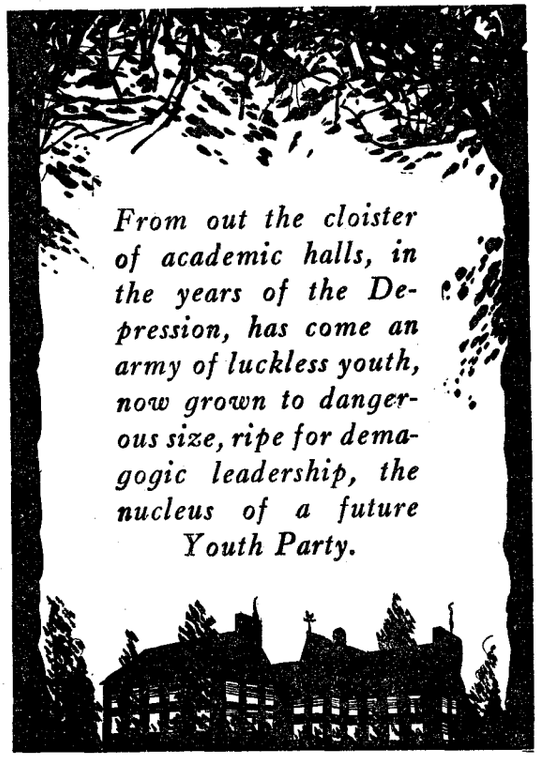
The Youth Ticket

by Cedric Fowler

ACCORDING to Mr. Hoover's *Recent Social Trends* report, one person of every forty-four in the United States has had college training. The figure gives us something like three million men and women who have received the benefits of the higher education—or, to put it still more mathematically, 2.2 per cent of our total population. The survey was undertaken in 1930, but it is very likely not materially altered now in 1934, since those graduating this year have entered college four years before. Many of them, it is true, have had to drop out of college before graduation. While no accurate census has been carried out since, reliable estimates indicate that this number is more than equalled by normal registration. The fate of this great mass of educated persons in the Depression, particularly the younger portion of it, was brought sharply to mind by a pre-Christmas incident.


From out the cloister of academic halls, in the years of the Depression, has come an army of luckless youth, now grown to dangerous size, ripe for demagogic leadership, the nucleus of a future Youth Party.

The writer was doing his Christmas shopping. The store was hot and the crowds were steaming. It was late and there wasn't much good nature left in the masses of shoppers. They were shoving each other and grabbing desperately for gifts, only wanting to get it over with and get home. The store employes were tiredly showing endless stocks of things to customers, looking at the clock and wondering why it never seemed to be more than six. They were on extra shifts. Many of the customers were snapping at them, and some of the salespeople, against all rules, were snapping back.

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In the midst of exasperated humanity the writer saw a friend. He had not seen him for a long time, in fact not since they had been in the same department of the university, two years before. It was a little hard to recognize him, dressed as he was in a plum colored uniform with military cap and white gloves. He was running an elevator in the store. Squeezed by a score of people, the writer went up to the tenth floor, where the crowd thinned out a little. The friend said, "Wait a minute. I'd like to see you after this is over. Can you wait till after we close at seven? I will be off an hour after that."

At eight o'clock the friend came out of the employes' entrance in his civilian clothes. He wanted to go somewhere and get a glass of beer. He wanted to tell the writer something; he wanted to talk. This is what he said, with the interruptions and digressions left out of it:

"I've been doing this now for eighteen months. It's the only thing I could get—after I got my M.A. Sure, I tried everything else. No experience, and I had a hard time getting this without it. I was four years at college and two in graduate work and I had a hard time getting this.

"They say, 'You're lucky to have a job.' What does it mean? It means you're lucky to eat. That's the kind of a world this is—a world where you're lucky if you eat. After you've been through college and done several years of graduate work you're lucky if you can earn fifteen dollars a week as a stenographer or sell books in a department store or run an elevator.

"Of course, you really are lucky. After all you're not one of the sixteen or seventeen million unemployed. But that doesn't make life a bed of roses for you, or contribute very much to the well being of society either. You've had a long expensive training. You've fitted yourself to work in a special field. You might even make a real contribution to knowledge, if you had a chance. But you haven't.

"There's a tremendous social waste. Think of the thousands of trained young people who are being wasted. Young people who are doctors, lawyers, engineers, as well as every kind of Ph.D. People who could really be of some use to the community spending their time, instead running elevators, driving taxis, selling anything and everything in order to eat.

"But that's only the beginning. What happens to these

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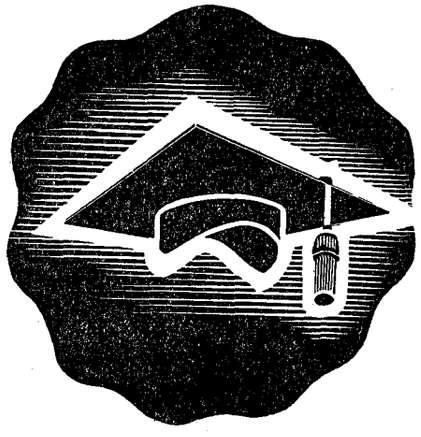
people spiritually or perhaps psychologically is the worst part. They work hard, they work well, they are fairly intelligent, they make excellent stenographers or stocking salesmen or whatever the case may be. They are often highly thought of by their employers. If they had planned to fill those jobs they would be proud and contented with their fine records. But they did not. How ever well they do the makeshift job, there is no real satisfaction in it. They must try to seek that elsewhere.

"They do seek it too, but very few of them find it. It is hard after a long day at the office or counter to plunge into intellectual work. It is impossible to do it alertly. You think, as you are handing the latest cook book across the counter, of a fine subject that you might write something about in your field. Writing it implies evenings in the Library and Sundays at the typewriter, if you own one. It means abandoning all relaxation and working when you're really not at your very best—can't be at your best.



"If you have gumption you can do it, but it takes on an importance which is out of proportion to its value. To you it is a tremendous undertaking. You think about how it will be read when it is finished. You picture editors and publishers falling over each other for the privilege of publishing it. You build up a world of fantasy around the piece of work. And in all probability you will not be able to do a good enough job, no matter how much you know about your field, to impress anyone who is truly important.

"If you are working regularly in your own field, if you are dealing every day with material you have been trained to work with, you get an enormous satisfaction from simply doing your work well. You feel that you are accomplishing something in regular working hours. If beside that you feel the urge to do some other piece of work in your spare time, you can take it calmly. Your professional reputation will not rest on that alone. You will make fantasies about it of course, everybody does about such things, but they will not be exaggerated fantasies. They do not need to be. If they fail to materialize you can afford to be philosophic because your daily work is in the same lines.

"The person with a plain bread and butter job is not in the same position. He depends on his spare time labors to keep up with the field he has studied in and to make himself known in that field. His attempts at professional work take on a life and death character, and the more desperate he gets the more inflated his fantasies of success become. He tries to create for himself a satisfaction which he should be getting from his daily work.

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"And another tragic part of it is you can't escape from the sense of personal failure. Your ego will not accept the social system as the sole goat. However firmly you believe that basically the social system is at fault, this system that wastes your capacities, you contrive to blame yourself. You doubt your own ability. You see more fortunate ex-colleagues who have been lucky or smart enough to get real jobs. Your ego won't believe that only luck has put them ahead, and it therefore tortures you with misgivings. You develop a bad morale, a psychology of the misemployed. Keep it up for years and you won't be able to fill a job in your own field even if you are offered one.

"Only a job that will use your capacities and your training will fix you up so you can be not only useful to society and yourself but moderately happy as well. I don't seem to see much chance of that happening."

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Historically speaking, the great increment of educated men and women has come largely since 1900. Before the opening of the present century, the college population remained relatively stable, at the level it assumed when new state colleges and universities, chiefly in the Middle and Far West, were getting under way. The increase since then has been more than three hundred per cent; today nearly a million and a quarter young people are enrolled in college courses.

The sharpest part of this increase came immediately after the World War. A fever of higher education swept over the country. People who had never dreamed themselves capable of sending a son or a daughter to college before, began to do so. Other thousands whose exposure to culture ended with high school, or even before, put themselves through college courses, often with great sacrifice. They attended night lectures, and they hoarded money and time to attend summer sessions, enrolled in extension courses which they hoped would lead to the degree. Institutions all over the land accommodated themselves to the rush of business. They created hundreds of new classes and lectureships, often in the most bizarre fields of learning (complete courses on bee-keeping and wholesale plumbing were not unusual), and did their utmost through advertising and publicity stunts to encourage the new flow of learning. At last, they felt, the higher education was coming into its own. In earlier time a rugged America had held college training in some scorn; it was fit largely for the idle rich or for those whose time was worth nothing better than dedication to scholarship. Now America was flocking through the academic gates as though social, economic and intellectual salvation depended on going to the lectures, getting the credits duly entered in the register, and acquiring the degree.

While prosperity kept rolling along, there was some point to their efforts. The teaching profession supplied thousands of positions for ambitious students. Those content with Bachelor degrees could count on elementary and secondary school places. Municipalities and counties were stretching the tax-rolls to build and endow new establishments. Chronic overcrowding in the cities was met by large scale expansion. New methods of education, demanding greater individual attention from teacher to pupil, created new vacancies. Rural counties embarked on consolidation plans that drew thousands of one room schools to centralized buildings in the more important towns and cities of the county, offering teaching jobs under much pleasanter and more rewarding terms than had been possible in rural education before. The universities and colleges, with their

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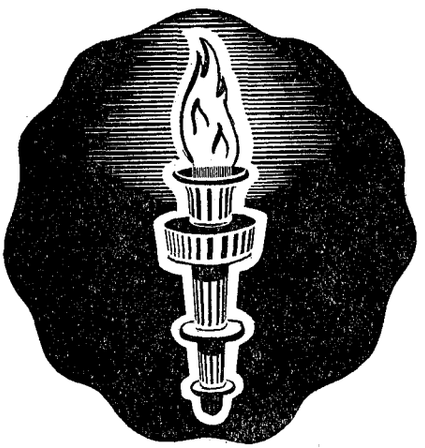
new extension courses and with expansion in the regular departments, offered a steady supply of faculty positions to students who could go on from an arts course to still higher academic work. At the top of the educational ladder, some fourteen hundred Doctors of Philosophy annually sought, and for the most part found, professorial dignity and what goes with it.

It was a thriving industry, while it lasted. The student brought his time and money to the colleges and universities. In exchange, they gave him the *cachet* that had become indispensable—the mystic initials that mark an educated man. Armed with these, the student turned back to the world and found it appreciative. American business itself was among the first to respond. In the good days, important corporations sent employment scouts around to the better known institutions, whose duty it was to spy out likely looking seniors and entice them into jobs. Lesser concerns often enough considered themselves distinguished by the presence of college men in their offices. Even the lower grade jobs were affected by the rush of education. Applicants for shoe-selling places found themselves confronted with new requirements—they must possess at least high school training. The commercial working world seemed to have surrendered to the power of learning.



The phenomenon has been almost exclusively American. In England, the ratio of college trained men and women to the population has remained at one per cent, giving a total of not more than four hundred thousand individuals. English universities have never been open to the public as ours; it requires not only more money but even a certain amount of social position to enter them. The high schools are not open to the masses. English business has never gone out of its way to insist on highly educated employes. As a result, the English college graduate has been forced to limit his choice of work to the few agencies that are willing to receive him—the teaching profession, the church, the civil service and, strange as it seems to America, politics. No very alluring financial reward attaches to any of these. Englishmen do not hope to become wealthy, powerful, or even very much in demand as leaders of men because they have gone to college. On the European continent, the hope is less. Germany and Italy, under the stress of Fascism, have already limited the number of students who may hope to indulge in higher education. France has been cold to cultural mass production for generations.

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In the economic crisis, the rewards of higher education in this country have fallen away. Teaching jobs are rarer than stock market fortunes. Bankrupt municipalities have found their first economies in education; it is a way that politicians have. Thousands of elementary and high schools have been abandoned. The pupils are either added to already overburdened classes—in New York City the average class today contains anywhere from fifty to sixty children—or simply left without schooling of any kind. With general poverty and unemployment, extension courses in the colleges and universities have melted away like snow, taking faculty positions with them. And business no longer sends its scouts to look for promising college men. The college men, together with thousands of their less fortunate brothers, are coming to the business houses hat in hand—hoping for any sort of job.

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This is why the writer's friend spoke so bitterly: "Of course you really are lucky. After all you're not one of the millions of unemployed." The burden of his complaint remains; a college trained man or woman running an elevator, selling saucepans in the bargain basement, sweeping halls, is misemployed. He may have a job that gives him a living. It keeps him from starvation. To an educated, even slightly sensitive man or woman, that is not enough. If that person has taken the college years seriously—has gone to college perhaps for something more than social reasons—his lot must seem particularly unhappy. He has gone to some trouble to acquire an education that will enable him to occupy a dignified and interesting, rewarding position in society. Post-graduate training complicates the matter further. Contrary to a popular impression, it is not easy to secure a Ph.D. degree, or even an M.A., if you take the trouble to get it from a good university. The special training involved is long and arduous. And the expense on society's part is considerable. Many millions of dollars are invested in college and university plants. Millions more are required to keep them open. The sacrifice of government revenue on tax-free institutions costs additional millions, and must be made up on levies elsewhere.

On graduation, the great majority of students who have gone through this training find no place for their knowledge and ability. On the contrary, they are often unable —simply by virtue of their superior training—to fill the unskilled places they can find, with efficiency. Monotonous, endlessly repeated tasks are better served by a less intelligence, rather than by a greater. The fact has been established; it involves no reflection whatever on those who can carry them out with contentment and satisfactory zeal. It does work to make the man who should have something to do in his own field unhappy.

The writer's friend spoke too of the social system that seemed to him at least in part responsible for his plight. He is far from alone in his questioning. Although individually the human mind will not permit itself to avoid all blame for apparent failure, it will find refuge in the thought that others are meeting the same defeat. It turns, partly from conviction and partly from a simple desire for comfort, to an attack on the general situation that provides disappointment.

If the identification of one fate with thousands is comforting, it can also be a thought that adds to discontent. One miscarried career may make an individual restless, dissatisfied, angry. The knowledge of others similar, with the same training, the same ability, the same opportunities promised but not given, can add a force to discontent that will approach despair. Many thousands of men

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and women, like the writer's friend, feel the hopeless impact of their own situation creep over them. Often enough they have stopped foreseeing any better place in society than the one they now restlessly occupy. Given a sufficiently long period of dissatisfied marking time, they know that they could never occupy any better position. They feel convinced that they cannot be rehabilitated. As they learn of thousands of others in the same unhappy position, they cannot help conclude that their own character, luck or foresight are not at fault. They decide that society is guilty of promoting their misfortune. Added to its total, this conclusion must result in something more serious than individual bitterness—it must result in a mass discontent that cannot be kept secret indefinitely.

Conservative souls may be pleased that so far not much of this individual discontent has become united discontent. The young man or woman recently out of a university and filling an unsatisfactory job has not taken to organization to press his or her needs on society. Those with post-graduate training seem especially reluctant to organize. Their training for Ph.D. or M.A. has been on an individual basis. It is the individual student's own effort and ability that earn him the degree. He is not part of a large class with the same interests and an identical educational history. He does not graduate in a mass ceremony, pack his bags during the one Commencement week, and bid farewell to academic halls in one sentimental last day. His graduate study has all been gone through largely on his own responsibility, without the close association that four years of Bachelor of Arts work give, with the other undergraduates. And when he is finished with education, the kind of position he hunts is usually of an individual nature. Teaching-places, on college faculties, are the Ph.D.'s first hope. In such a career he expects to find the freedom and more or less untrammelled time to continue his work in scholarship. As part of this hope he acquires an outlook that keeps his interests separate from those of others, even though he has been through the same educational mill with them.

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When hopes for a faculty position fail and he is forced to look for something else, the jobs he finds are almost always in the unskilled fields. With a special training that has fitted him for one task only, he is less likely to secure anything much better than elevator running, shoe selling, or the like. Usually he is not strong enough for hard physical labor, and obviously without new training he cannot become a skilled manual worker. Labor union restrictions operate again to keep him out of the better paid working trades, even if he can muster the skill and experience necessary. And beyond that, his education has placed him in a class that does not relish the abandonment of white collar dignity. Consequently the graduate student who fails to find professional work can only go into the lower grade white collar jobs. White collar workers have so far refused to unionize. They prefer to forego the struggle for security, adequate wages and improved working conditions of union workers, in order to keep up an appearance of independence and gentility. The university trained man or woman in this class finds himself in a lonely position, where he not only dislikes the work he has to do, but has little chance of asserting his right to a better place in the world.

The undergraduate college trained people, those who are content with a modest B.A. degree, are in a better position for venting their discontent with an unsatisfactory world. Already there are scores of radical, progressive and left wing organizations operating in the colleges. Recent campus demonstrations against war and Fascism have shown their strength among the undergraduates. The old criticism of student failure, to be concerned with political and social problems, must withdraw—already it is being replaced—with fears of student radicalism. The movement so far is confined to undergraduates. They have the opportunities that flow from the organized life of the colleges, and connection with faculty men of radical persuasion who are in a position to lead them into a united expression of their opinions and demands on society.

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The graduate out in an unfriendly world, where his training and his talents are not wanted or appreciated, has not retained these connections and influences. He is more likely to remain solitary in his discontent—unless some appeal touches him with a promise of organized effort to improve his life. The appeal will be made—already certain demagogues are beginning to work for student support. Huey Long made himself and Louisiana ridiculous again in his recent stage play for State University support. To their credit, a number of the students rebelled when the purposes behind Kingfish generosity became clear. Socially-minded Harvard undergraduates joined with alumni in refusing the blandishments of Ernst "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, emissary of Nazi culture. The student body of New York's City College, aided by recent graduates, has been conducting a guerrilla struggle for months against what it regards as Fascist tactics on the part of faculty leaders.

These are the first attempts made by demagogues, Fascist and near-Fascist, to secure American college support for their private ambitions. In Europe they have already been successful. Much of Hitler's support has come from students whose future held nothing comparable to the promised goods they had been led to expect. Men and women—especially young ones—who have found no worthy place in the world make excellent Storm Troop material. If they are forced into jobs where neither the work, the pay nor the social and intellectual rewards are at all adequate, they are likely to turn to the leader who has no scruples about renewing the promises, with interest added. He promises them not only high financial and social returns, but all the comforts and glories of strong, militant organization. To a lonely, half-defeated young person the prospect is tempting. Failing the prescription of the writer's friends, "Only a job that will use your capacities and your training will fix you up so that you can not only be useful but moderately happy as well," they may be expected to accept it.

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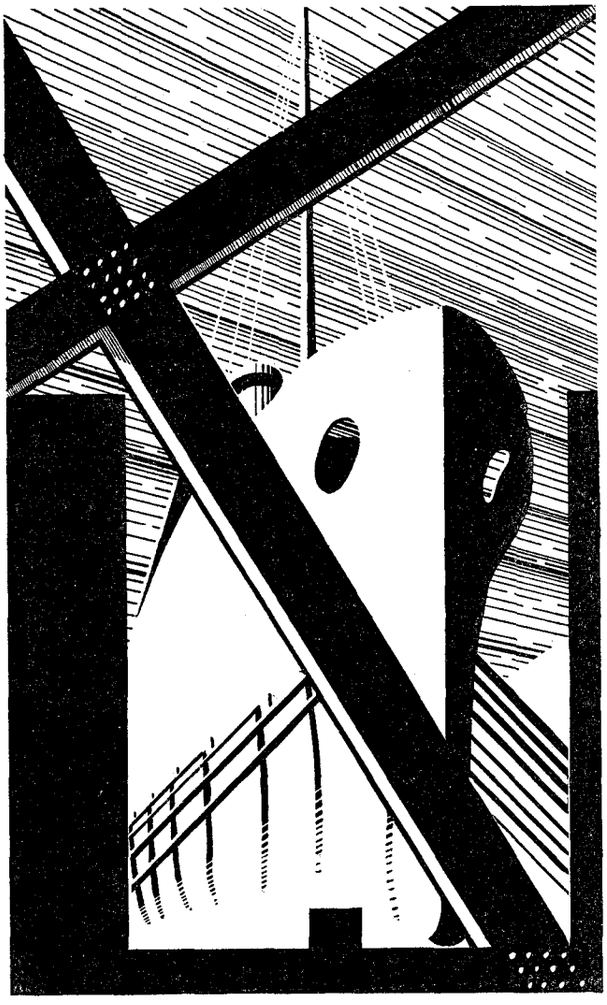
America Afloat Tomorrow

by George F. Horne

Impending is an important Presidential decision on the future of the nation's Merchant Marine. With memories fresh concerning the air mail fiasco, American shipping ponders an uncertain future



IN the coming struggle for supremacy along commercial sea highways, which will survive: the merchant marine of private enterprise, or the nationalized "merchant navy" under government subsidy and direction, and semi-government operation? As the world lifts its head from the ills of follies, which so easily fade in the memory, maritime nations are more determined than ever to maintain modern merchant fleets at any cost; for reasons of trade and because they have learned what adequate fleets mean in time of war.

What is going to happen to the American Merchant Marine? Amid a welter of inquisitorial commissions investigating everything from the price of soap to the Communistic tendencies of Hollywood thespians, the Administration has found room in the last year for four separate inquiries into this industry whose frame is already weakened by loss of trade incident to immigration restrictions, competition with foreign low-cost countries, chaos in the intercoastal trades, labor demands and other ills to which sea transportation is heir.

In a sense, the operators of merchant vessels feel they survived the searching Black inquiry, which at least gave the appearance of disclosing a fine lot of legal skullduggery in the administration of the Merchant Marine Act of 1928, under which the government contracted to grant subsidies in the disguised form of mail-haul agreements. Under this arrangement the steamship companies would receive approximately $320,000,000 from the government over a ten-year period.

With its flummery removed these agreements represent about nine tenths outright bounty and the remainder for actual mail transportation, the smaller percentage being what the ships would receive in the way of payment at poundage rates.

Early in the new year, when Postmaster General Farley is charged with reporting to the President on the results of his survey into the mail subsidy system, almost anything can happen to these contracts. The steamship companies know it, and they have the delirium tremens. Well may they have. Mr. Farley might, with a sentence, wipe out the whole works and suggest starting over again, implying that the children of the benevolent Jones-White Act had been careless with their talents, and ungrateful of the wealthy relative's beneficence. And Mr. Roosevelt may move a hand and cancel every line of the fifty-odd contracts.

What would happen? The companies would return to the survival-of-the-fittest plan, a system under which they could not survive. Competing with foreign lines serving nearly every section of the world, they would soon be outdistanced in the race for commerce, because the foreign companies are able to build ships at approximately two thirds our cost, operate them far more economically, pay seamen and other employes what we call starvation wages.

Merchant building in the United States would become

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virtually extinct. Approximately 40,000 officers and men who make the sea their trade would return to land and turn up on PWA relief rolls. Foreign steamship companies would get much more than the 65 per cent of commerce which they receive at the present time.

This eventuality is a pleasing picture to the competitive maritime nations of the world. It would permit them to reduce proportionately the tremendous subsidies which the exigencies of international competition have brought to their own merchant marines.

They would have American shippers at their mercy and could do with them as they pleased. They could impose rates agreeable to themselves and, eventually, do away with American trade on certain commercial lanes.

Another handy feature would be the lack of vessels available to the United States in time of war. We could carry few supplies and the Navy, which has supervised the niggling merchant construction of recent years (even to the placing of hidden gun mountings on passenger liners), would be without her auxiliaries. This would be considered quite a handicap in time of national emergency.

Japan understands this. She is building one fast cargo boat after another. England sees it. Whilst protesting to the world against the national subsidy as a horrendous policy, she is handing approximately $50,000,000 to the Cunard-White Star merger to help along with the new giant *Queen Mary*. There is also pending a matter of $10,000,000 in aid to tramp shipping, but for some obscure reason this is not considered a subsidy. And there are other forms of aid which England, winking at the world, hands her "merchant fleet."

Germany knows the value of naval auxiliaries, of swift liners that could, within a few hours, be stripped off and converted into auxiliaries or actual fighting ships, capable of crossing the ocean in less than five days. Italy knows it too, and is likewise subsidizing her rapidly growing merchant marine in more abstruse and devious ways than any other country in the world.

It is difficult to understand why the Merchant Marine means so little to the average American. More so because, when we entered the most recent war, we were without one, and a frenzied construction program costing $3,000,000,000 produced, mushroom-like, a doubtful flotilla of vessels many of which, so it is said, had to put into port every few hours to keep from sinking, and many were actually abandoned at the time. The taxpayers are still laying down something like $90,000,000 a year for interest on this chimera, far in excess of the most extravagant subsidy dreams.

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But mere passivity, mere ignorance of what merchant ships mean to any maritime nation, is not by any means the major obstacle to ocean aid. Active antagonism arising out of misunderstanding, sectionalism, selfishness and the consciousness of admitted misuses of these bounty funds, came only recently to a head with the reminder of a member of the Cabinet that this country was nursing its sickly Merchant Marine with extravagance, suggesting that we might as well let it go by the board.

True, the recent hideous example of the worst side of the merchant fleet served to bring before the entire nation the question of a Merchant Marine, the fact that there is a labor problem on the sea, that either for competitive reasons or reasons of greed alone, steamship companies moving under the national colors and nourishing at the public bottle were carrying insufficient man power, untrained crews comprised to a large entent of low calibre men who naturally could not be depended upon in time of emergency.

But it is likely the *Morro Castle* disaster will do more to harm the cause of legitimate ship operators than bring them fresh arguments for government support in a business which a long time ago passed far beyond the realm of private enterprise.

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The disastrous theory of a reduced Merchant Marine cannot be entertained by a country whose purpose is forward. One man who probably knows more about the credit side of the country's marine than any other said recently that if the mail subsidies were abrogated a large portion of the Merchant Marine would fail immediately. And even those whose ledgers present the happiest appearance would be able to hold out for only a couple of years.

Naturally there is a group which could and would survive; companies with enough business to carry on normally without government aid. But what a paltry Merchant Marine this would permit a nation which professes to compete with powerful maritime countries which are now busy building fast fleets of passenger and cargo carriers aided by open and disguised subsidies of every nature!

Between 80 and 83 per cent of our exports are waterborne. Of this percentage American bottoms receive about 35 per cent. In the last three years American bottoms have carried an average of slightly more than 35 per cent of our imports. Our export figures since 1929 and the share obtained by American vessels show the following:

Year	Total Exports	P. C. in Amer. Ships
1929	$5,157,083,000	34.5
1930	3,781,172,000	35.3
1931	2,377,982,000	35.9
1932	1,611,016.000	34.2
1933	1,647,200,538	35.
1934*	1,036,262,311	not available

*(*1st half*)

The prettiest feature of this table is the comparison of this year's items with the exports for the first six months of 1933, which totaled $669,329,000.

The number of passengers which American ships can lure away from foreign rivals is pitifully small. We are allowed about 8 per cent of the passengers on the North Atlantic and 27 per cent of total travelers. A great majority of cruise passengers out of the port of New York travel on foreign ships which are permitted without restriction to make New York a base for lucrative voyages to the Spanish Main and cruise ports up and down the Atlantics. One wonders what moanings would arise over the English Channel if American vessels ran Mediterranean cruises out of Cherbourg or Southampton.

Opponents of the aid system are not crying their Jeremiads into empty rain barrels; but before we see how the adopted children of the Treasury have garnered their talents let us look at the physical state of the Merchant Marine and the American shipbuilding industry generally.

Last June only four tenths of one per cent of the

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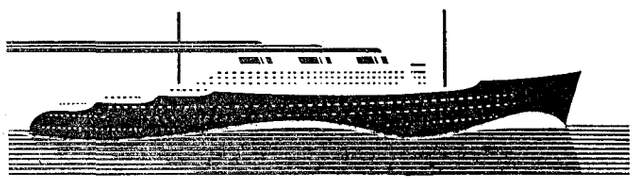
world's shipbuilding was in American yards. Today the only seagoing merchant vessels being built in the nation are two tankers rising out of the unholy quiet of Camden yards. There is no immediate prospect of any building of a commercial nature in the near future, although some of the yards have been allotted shares in the navy program. The greatest growing period of the commercial fleet was between the years 1900 and 1920, with a down-grade since the latter year.

Individually it is often charged that the various trades are over-tonnaged. Perhaps we do have too many ships, too many tons in numbers without respect to a modern, equipped merchant fleet. Certainly in decadent hulks, steaming toward obsolescence, we are over-burdened. In the same way we could be called overdressed, if we count all the old pants and mothy suits so lovingly hoarded in attic corners.



Is the shipping industry one which the country must nourish by perpetual bounty against invalidism; or is it something more than an industry, something beyond private scope? Is shipping to be a national program, like the navy, like air fleets, like forts?

Today the ocean-going merchant fleet of the United States is represented by about 1,350 vessels, exclusive of those less than 2,000 gross tons. The percentage of these approaching the senility of twenty years is appalling. Approximately 1,117 ships, representing well over 6,250,000 gross tons out of an estimated total of 7,675,661 gross tons, are between ten and twenty years old, and the majority are nearer twenty than ten. Twenty years is taken as the final effective age of a ship.

In 1932 we had only thirty-nine ships aggregating 265,000 gross tons which might have been called youngsters, between five and ten years old. And we have built few ships since that time. In that year Japan had fifty-four ships of these ages, and 349 ships between ten and twenty years, representing 1,728,183 gross tons.

Our five-year-old-or-less ships in 1932 aggregated 611,278 tons and Japan had 477,343 tons. But today Japan has passed us in new tonnage and is rapidly leaving us wallowing in the wake of modern, fast vessels which play games around us. Great Britain's "merchant navy," as they call it, was, and is, so far ahead of ours in numbers and tonnage of all ages that comparison is idle. The picture is that the United States is third in new, modern vessels; but we do have a lot of mouldy, romantic old hulks which still wheeze along the frequented ocean paths.

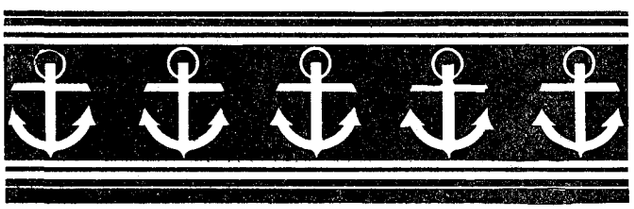
This is not to imply that we have no good vessels. Some splendid ships have been built in recent years. They serve a definite need in the nation's commercial activity. But in respect of the number of Americans who travel the Atlantic our passenger vessels receive a pitiful moiety.

We have on the Atlantic today the new *Washington* and *Manhattan,* and in the intercoastal or southern trades the four beautiful liners of the Grace Line, three Panama-Pacific Lines, the *Virginia,* the *Pennsylvania,* and the *California,* and six trim passenger-cargo vessels of the United Fruit Company. Three of these are, at present, on the Pacific Coast. Also on the Pacific are the queens of the Matson fleet, the *Lurline,* the *Mariposa* and the *Malolo.* These represent the most valuable items of a potential naval auxiliary in the event of a national emergency; and this phase of merchant marine building is by no means mere political *jingoism.* The *Manhattan* and *Washington,* for instance, can be converted to military use within forty-eight hours. They were built, as were the others, under supervision of the U. S. Navy, and their graceful lines adorn military usefulness, including readily accessible gun mountings. *The military auxiliary is not all sales talk!*

But while the United States is pursuing this pathway of stubborn individualism, what are the other nations, the countries which are our natural rivals on the sea, doing for their own commercial fleets?

England's woeful objections to a subsidy system have, as noted earlier, been just as free as her generous aid, given out rear-door-wise, to her great building and operating companies. To the detached observer it must appear that every loan and bounty is accompanied by arch protestations to the world to the effect that small interest loans and bounties are evil practices.

The past year alone was a happy one for the British Merchant Marine. After it merged with the White Star Line and the folly of their white elephant, the superliner *Queen Mary,* deepened in the amalgamated consciousness, the Cunard Line "got back" from the government the



$5,000,000 already sunk in the weighty steel frame on the Clydebank ways. This was a part of the $50,000,000. This fixed things so that Cunard-White Star and John Bull could start all at scratch and have even money in the new giant.

In all, $15,000,000 went to completion of the new liner. Admitting candidly a fact all the world knows, that any superliner today is an almost unsupportable burden, the merged companies also received $7,500,000 for working capital. Another $25,000,000 was earmarked for "another ship or ships." And then, not to be partial toward the fancier ocean folks, there was the $10,000,000 to sweeten the fate of tramp shipping.

Within recent years, through trade facilities and loan guarantee legislation, England and North Ireland have countersigned shipbuilding loans amounting to about $200,000,000.

France, across the Channel, has not been insensible of the trend to nationalization. The new *Normandie,* long since launched and now due to grace our shores within half a year, is being completed with government money. The government pays like a benevolent father for mail carriage and supports construction with bounties. True, the

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French Line is the French government. Not long ago Paris took over the company's operation with a bland gesture, displacing the shipping men and putting a handsome portion of the Chamber of Deputies in their places.

Political byplays have been felt monthly at the French Line offices in New York, the most important office of the company by virtue of the fact that the company carries such a preponderant amount of American traffic.

In the years to come the *Normandie* and *Queen Mary* will engage in a duel of the sea which will be on only a small front of the great maritime battle forming in major nations. They are of like size, have similar speed and both will come from channel ports. It is unlikely that either will be a great deal faster than top speed of the *Europa* and *Bremen,* or the *Conte di Savoia* and *Rex,* the latter being the speed queen of them all.

A wail arises throughout the United States for an American superliner. But what would we do with such a burden? Most shipping men here agree that what we need are fast cabin-type ships of the *Manhattan* and *Washington* sort, ideal vessels for economical operation and of assured latent military value. And at the same time of a kind signally adapted to the class of travel most popular today.

For any comparison of American and British subsidies (or any other), one must paint in the cost differentials. Generally speaking, British building and operating costs are nearer ours than any other maritime competitor's, and you can build a ship in England for about two thirds the American cost. Taking the British figure as 100 the American cost, for cargo vessels, is roughly 159 per cent. For tank vessels it is 160 per cent and for passenger and cargo steamers 154 per cent. These estimates are based only on variations in material and labor rates; man-hours of labor are assumed to be equal.

What are the subsidies beyond the Rhine? The amalgamation of German shipping interests coeval with the rise of Hitlerism is well known. Hitler fired the entire administrative group and put in a new board of governors. Two years ago the government set aside 77,000,000 marks for the aid of shipping, marking one tenth for tramp shipping. In 1933, 20,000,000 marks were granted to ship lines as a differential to offset losses resulting from currency depreciation.

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Another plan in force for a short while, but abandoned in effect (after other nations protested against its discriminatory articles), was the blocked-mark system by which your dollar purchased more ticket on a German ship than any other, although the German company ostensibly remained adherent to the transatlantic passenger conference, and did quote the same rates as other companies. Today the German government takes a more active part in the shipping business, a natural concomitant of absolute nationalization in every sphere of German life. Only recently three leading directors of the merged North German Lloyd-Hapag Lines suddenly and mysteriously resigned. The nation has further encouraged modernization of fleets by granting interest-free loans in certain cases to compensate for scrapping.

The Italians, in their realistic fashion, have devised methods of applying subsidies that must be the envy of every man who helped place our system in operation. They encourage shipping in every conceivable manner. According to figures compiled by the American Steamship Owners' Association, Italy expends about $23,000,000 annually in pure subsidy. But the nation grants free entry of steel, bounties on gross tonnage, bounties on speed that climb like the speed of the *Rex*. There are also premiums on auxiliary machinery and on engine power.

Italy's development of a merchant marine under the driving of Mussolini has been breath-taking, and the jump from a straight subsidy of 19,000,000 lire in 1913 to the present 263,000,000 lire is correspondingly awesome. Today she owns some of the finest merchant ships afloat, including splendid passenger liners in the Mediterranean-South American run, and the New York speed monsters *Rex* and *Conte di Savoia.*

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Characteristically the Japanese program is based on the theory that fewer good ships are much better than a lot of obsolete hulks. Consequently Japan is concentrating on a scrapping policy which withdraws useless vessels and replaces them with new, modern, fast cargo and passenger ships that are today crowding in on nearly every world trade lane. They use the two-for-one plan. For the three years ending 1935, 400,000 gross tons are being scrapped. The government pays about $9.50 a ton for 13½-knot ships (scrapped) with a leaping scale as the speed increases.

The ships which replace these outworn ones must be at least 4,000 tons gross, with a speed of 13½ knots or more. And all materials, engines, fittings, etc., must be Japanese, built in Japanese plants and yards. As a result of the scrapping plan a total of new tonnage, contracted for, was reported at 115,950 tons by the middle of 1933, and eleven other vessels aggregating 71,200 gross tons were also under consideration. By March of this year the total tonnage, either scrapped or marked for break-up, was 393,000 gross. This represented ninety-three ships; and thirty-one new cargo vessels completed or under construction to this date replaced 199,310 gross tons of the scrapped total. Virtually all of these are completed today, and most of them are 6,000-7,000 ton ships, and *most of them can make* 18 *knots.*

Meanwhile the United States holds out against nationalization, with an ever-increasing tendency against any kind of subsidy. We cannot expect owners to build up organizations and fleets to American standards, in a field where competition is of the severest kind, with a nation's resources behind every private operator; this assumes inexhaustible resources on the part of our operators, and a kind of altruistic benevolence strange to this world.

What kind of a system *do* we have? And how are the recipients deserving the aid they get?

The direct aid to our Merchant Marine was never, in the first instance, designed as a disguised method of paying for mail haulage. No one impartially acquainted with conditions has ever tried to reconcile the sums paid as bounties and the figures as they might have been if we paid for the mail pound by pound. In the nature of things this would have been stupid.

The purpose of the Merchant Marine Acts (both 1920 and 1928) is clearly stated. And the authors, foreseeing that opponents and stigmatic Congressmen would bring up the question of poundage, even went so far as to point out specifically that no relation did, or should, exist.

But the administrators of the Act sought to determine how best to execute its provisions in a manner farthest

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removed from the intent. Shipping men, legislators, officials of the Shipping Board and Post Office Department, devised a method of contract advertising and bidding which placed the subsidy on the basis of mail payment.

It is only too obvious, in reading the advertisements issued prior to inauguration of the various fifty-six original routes, that there were to be deep shadows in the scheme. It was naturally intended that existing lines as well as possible new companies would derive benefit from the subsidy plan. Specifications were drawn up to tally in every detail with the characteristics of ships in existence on given routes, and the contracts were then advertised with the ostensible purpose of attracting "bidders." The routine of bidding and signing the contracts was carried through in the manner of a child's game.

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The Shipping Board and Post Office Department entered into the spirit of the game with delicious ardor. The Post Office officials would write in each case to the Shipping Board and say, in effect, that they were wondering if the Board could give them some idea about the kind of ships and number of sailings they ought to have on a hypothetical ocean route such as, for instance, from New York to Hellangone. Then the Board would reply in mock formality that on such a route there should be a sailing a month, five ships of not less than 8,000 tons, with speeds at no less than thirteen knots.

Funny thing, how often it turned out that such a line existed already. What fun, the suspense of wondering which would turn out to be suitable. One almost wishes the Board had gone on to add, "And we think it should be a line with offices on the second floor of the building at 6 Waterfront Boulevard, headed by a man named Jones who was born in April, 1887."

One may readily pick at random any present contract holder, and with Senate Document 69 in hand, trace back the humorously conforming requests and answers, the resulting specifications created by the fecund Shipping Board, the ensuing advertisements for bids, the signed contracts and the service in existence today.

Did the Post Office Department (a jolly place indeed) follow through in the game? Did they, when the replies came in ("the only bid received the award" is a happily recurrent phrase in the record), cry out joyously: "Well now, isn't this lucky; here's just the line to take over this route!"

Most of the shipping men say they were averse to a subsidy disguised behind the mail-payment false face, but in the end they took it that way. Otherwise it would not now be possible to point to such simple incongruities as a ship carrying $32.56 worth of mail for $363,022.50. And we would have missed the comical implications in the task performed by one ship (the S.S. *Emergency Aid,* of all things), carrying one pound of letters for the paid reward of $17,140.20. It is little wonder that many a non-Merchant Marine minded Congressman when first stumbling upon this picture believes he has the makings of a marvelous *exposé* scandal.

The contracts were loosely worded, leaving much of the future of their operation to the discretion of the Postmaster General to follow with the changing political tides. The Postmaster General is permitted to change routes, substitute one class of ship for another, and do other things in the mutual contractor agreements. In many cases the contracts have not been carried out. They call for the addition of new ships, or the reconstruction of old ones, and in only a few instances have the improvements been made. Despite the money turned into the pockets of the Merchant Marine the fleet remains today pretty much what it was in 1928.

Not only was it possible for the companies to obtain subsidies but they could also borrow money from the Shipping Board, under a construction fund of $250,000,000, with which to build and convert. And in this respect the lines have Uncle Sam pretty much against the ropes. Obviously, if their subsidy contracts are cancelled they cannot repay these loans.

The original intention was to lend money at interest rates ranging from 2½ to 3½ per cent. But a clause nestling securely within the verbiage of the act makes it possible to establish the rate identical with the interest rate on current government obligations. This clause allows borrowers to await a certain day when the government obtains short-term money at virtually no interest. Consequently millions have been borrowed at ludicrous rates, frequently less than one per cent.

Other stipulations of the Act made it obligatory for government officials to travel on American vessels when on official missions; it prescribed 50 per cent American personnel on "contract" ships for the first four years, and 75 per cent after that. It limited loans to 20 years, and the amount of a loan to 75 per cent of the ship's cost, or the remodeling cost. And, among numerous other things, it established the policy of building under naval supervision, looking toward the potential use of all vessels as military auxiliaries.

To take one item, what has happened to the citizenship clause? Unfortunately the contracts are basically between government and ship instead of government and company. Consequently it is possible for a company to have, say, four ships built under contract or operated under contract, subject to the standards imposed under the Act, and at the same time operate a dozen other vessels free of government supervision. It is even possible to operate other vessels under a foreign flag.

Even as it exists the citizenship provision is cleverly circumvented. There were, on a voyage of a certain liner of one of our coastal lines in 1932, thirty-four men classified as Americans because they held the so-called "3-Y certificates." These are tickets issued to seamen who have served three years on American vessels, and who have taken out first citizenship papers. In other words, when a ship passes under the governmental aegis, aliens who have worked as seamen here for three years may hurry to file their first citizenship papers and receive immediately these certificates entitling them to rating as citizens. Thus it is easy to keep a crew three-quarters American.

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On another and competing line, on a voyage in 1929, there were seventy men. This vessel was not a contract ship and thus free of governmental obligations, but it may also be argued that the company would receive, under the initial ten-year schedule established for all contracts, about $15,000,000 in subsidies. This does not account for other aid such as the construction-fund loans with which the four

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Economic War Reports

Compiled by Edward H. Collins

American Front

THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT at Washington having to do with foreign trade, persist in their contradictory and mutually exclusive policies, with the President apparently loath to pass on the merits of the controversy. Mr. Hull, committed to *favored nation* clauses and free trade, collides head-on with Mr. Peek, who stands for a two-price system for agricultural staples (one for domestic consumption and another for foreign markets), selective tariff bargaining and modification of the most-favored nation principle. The United States has failed to keep up with the procession since the breakdown of the old system of financing foreign sales through foreign loans, says Mr. Peek. The 180 special agreements of one kind and another made between different countries in the last few years have, he contends, one thing in common—they have left the United States out of the picture. This conflict in foreign trade theory has been brought out into the open during the negotiations over the cotton barter agreement with Germany, which Mr. Peek at one time carried near to completion, only to have Mr. Hull frown on it. Mr. Hull likewise refuses approval of a proposal of Illinois exporters to form a clearing corporation to promote trade with foreign countries which are featuring barter transactions in their external trade. In so refusing approval he again takes the classical economist's view. Pushing all of these new-fangled trade devices from him, Mr. Hull concentrates on reciprocal trade agreement negotiations with a long list of foreign countries, to which the Netherlands, with the third most populous, colonial empire, has just been added. Agreements in the hopper include those with Brazil, Colombia, Belgium and Switzerland.

British Front

GREAT BRITAIN PLOWS AHEAD with the drawing up of trade agreements with individual countries. One of the most instructive of the long list, from the American standpoint, is that being negotiated between Britain and Poland. The latter has a favorable balance of around 120,000,000 zlotys ($22,000,000) with Britain, and the funds from this surplus of exports the Poles customarily use to pay for their excess of imports from the United States and to provide service on the dollar bonds outstanding. What Great Britain proposes to do about this is to cut down to 50,000,000 zlotys the excess of Polish exports to imports of British goods. The 50,000,000 would be adequate to pay off all of the interest and other charges owing by Poland in London. In this way, the supply of funds available to Poland to pay American bondholders and to buy some American goods would be cut off, but British interests would be provided for. This is, after a sort, the arrangement which Great Britain has with Germany, whereby the British are leaving Americans and the other hindmost to their fate. It is a ruthless policy, considerate only of British interests. But Britain rather needs to take some strong measures. The surplus of imports in the first eleven months of 1934 was £260,525,000, against £230,990,000 a year ago.

Italian Front

WITH THE RESERVE RATIO of the Bank of Italy down to 41.27 per cent, as against the legal minimum of 40 per cent, the Italian government has taken what must be regarded as its principal effort to fend off collapse of the lira. The state has asserted, by decree, its right to seize all of the foreign balances and securities held by Italian nationals and to give lire in payment therefor. This is the act of a nation which not only has been passed by in the moderate recovery in trade in the last year and a half but is still desperately on the defensive. It is the act of a country to which the rise in the price of primary commodities, compared with a smaller upturn in the price of semi-finished and finished goods, has been a handicap rather than a boon, helping to enlarge to 1,830,800,000 lire the import surplus in the first nine months, against 1,066,900,000 lire a year ago. There is nothing remedial about the action that has just been taken. Resorted to in lieu of a loan from France, the decree will merely help Italy to continue its experiment to determine whether deflation is a suitable answer to the devaluationist tendencies of much of the rest of the world. Simultaneously with the move looking toward nationalization of Italian private assets abroad, the government has given notice that it will apply compensatory taxes to imports from countries which extend unfavorable tariff treatment to Italy.

Belgian Front

BELGIUM is giving additional proof that the mortality rate among impatient prophets is high. In November the belga became so weak that even a common or garden variety of prophet could envision eventual devaluation of the currency, but only the prophets by the calendar were so indiscreet as to set a near-by date for this currency adjustment. When it appeared that all was lost for the belga, Amsterdam came forth with a 100,000,000 guilder loan to Belgium, putting the central bank of issue in enough funds to take care of all immediately prospective demands from abroad without any loss of gold. A few days later Finance Minister Camille Gutt journeyed to Paris, where he arranged for the conversion of a 6½ per cent bond issue to one bearing 5 per cent interest. At about the same time information came out of Washington saying that the trade agreement with Belgium, one of the first to be negotiated, was nearing completion and would be made known and effective in January. Thus, so to speak, was the patient given adrenalin so that he might be kept alive to continue his sufferings—sufferings which, in this case, are traceable to currency

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devaluation and trade barriers in large areas of the world.

Chinese Sector

THE CASSANDRAS never showed to a better advantage than when they foretold the effects on China of the American silver policy laid down in the silver purchase act. Financial and business conditions have now demonstrably taken a disastrous turn. After $240,000,000 of silver had been exported in the first ten months of the year, sucked out of China by United States Treasury buying, the Nanking government clapped on embargo and equalization charges of 15 per cent. The drain on Shanghai silver supplies was not ended by the embargo, for smuggling set in, the metal being shipped from Hong Kong and Dairen. Adding yet more to the pull exerted on Shanghai silver holdings was the usual seasonal flow of silver to the interior to finance crop movements. The net result is that money is extremely tight in Shanghai, since silver forms the bank reserves, and rates of 15 per cent and more are being bid for short accommodations. In one week two Chinese banks closed, unable to survive the run on their resources. In one month, production of electrical appliances declined 45 per cent, of hat-making, 30 per cent; weaving and spinning, 25 per cent; dye-stuffs, 40 per cent, printing 45 per cent, rubber goods, 35 per cent, and silk filatures, 80 per cent. With industry thus slowed down, unemployment is, of course, increasing. It is instructive to note that silver lobbyists urge as a solution for this state of affairs, not the utter abandonment of the whole silver buying program, but a loan of silver to China!

Japanese Sector

NOW IT IS THE AMERICAN TOY INDUSTRY which lies stricken with Japanese competition. American designed toys are copied by the Japanese and laid down here, says the Toy Manufacturers Association, at prices 50 per cent lower than the actual cost of labor and material required to produce the merchandise in the most efficient American plants. In 1933 a 175 per cent increase was recorded in imports of rubber toys from Japan. "I have worked on fifty codes," says Dr. W. L. Schurz, deputy N.R.A. Administrator, "and 70 per cent of them are faced with Japanese competition. Something should be done about this matter." Manchukuo's troubles are different from those of the American toy manufacturers, but both have their common source in Japan. In the first half of 1934 Japanese exports to Manchukuo increased 15 per cent, while in the same period Manchukuo's exports dropped 5.1 per cent, raising the import excess to about 40,000,000 yuan. A few years ago Manchuria bought fully half of her most important import commodities from China, including cotton textiles, cotton yarn, flour, tobacco and paper; and 40 per cent of Manchuria's exports went to China. Now tariff barriers interfere with the movement of goods between the two countries, and each regards the other as a foreign country. The heavy depreciation of the Japanese yen in terms of silver militates against any genuine improvement in Manchukuo's external trade.

German Front

GERMANY IS BRINGING ITS BARTER TRADING to a high state of refinement. No longer does it confine bartering to an exchange of goods; a deal is on to build an electric light and power plant and to take payment in—coffee. The deal is with El Salvador, and the beauty of the transaction, from the standpoint of the Salvadoreans, is that the plant will be owned entirely at home, with no foreign strings tied to it. A stock company is being formed to swing the deal in El Salvador. Germany is taking coffee also from Costa Rica, giving in exchange cast iron pipe. The German pipe, by the way, was quoted at a considerably higher price than that named by American and British manufacturers. In this country the Sun Oil Company has arranged to receive 3,750 tons of six-inch steel pipe from Germany and to deliver in return lubricating oil. But, while German barter trade with a good part of the world is growing, Palestine trade relations with Germany have had a setback through a decree cutting down imports of Palestine oranges from 1,300,000 to 250,000 cases. Germany, always a large user of foreign credit, has found one way of circumventing the international credit blockade, but it is a way which leaves the unsuspecting credit giver nettled, and hence the usefulness of the scheme is strictly limited. Germany signed a clearing agreement with Switzerland obviating the necessity of transfers of funds from one currency to the other in effecting payment. As the agreement worked out, though, Swiss exports to Germany rose sharply, while imports of German goods dropped considerably. Swiss industrialists are angry, for with the fall in imports from Germany they are not getting paid. France's experience has been similar to that of Switzerland.

Brazilian Front

THE DEAL by Germany plans to erect in El Salvador an electric light and power plant and take payment in coffee may sound like the Farthest North in barter, but it must yield to a proposal which British shipbuilding firms recently made to the Brazilian government. Three British firms offered to build warships for Brazil and receive in exchange Brazilian products, excluding coffee, for which the British have little use. The offer of a Liverpool shipbroker was to exchange ships for half cotton and half cash. In need of warships, the Brazilian government is studying the offer. As if the world's textile capacity were not already greatly in excess of requirements, Brazil, carried away by the success of its new cotton industry, has under advisement a national program to encourage an increase in the number of its 369 textile mills in the hope of capturing the markets of South America and Europe. Brazil's exports of cotton increased 3,600 per cent in one year, with shipments to Europe alone in 1934 totaling thirty-seven times as great as those in 1933. Cotton sales abroad in the first nine months brought in $21,300,000, or more than one-third of the sum realized from coffee exports. Cotton now ranks second only to coffee in Brazilian economy. Partly in consideration of the heavy American purchases of coffee, and partly, no doubt, out of thanks for the A. A. A. cotton curtailment program, Brazil has allotted to the United States 46 per cent of available foreign exchange, compared with only 11 per cent to France, whose allocation is second largest.

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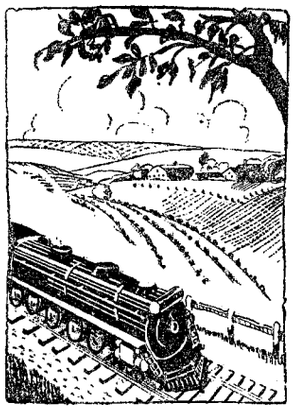
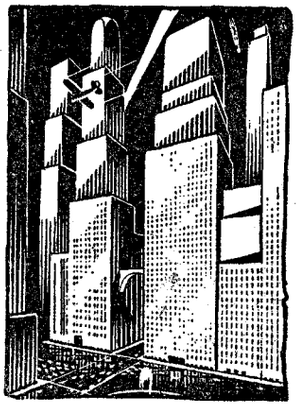


Talk of the Nation



Notes and Comment

ON THE MOON: from the "moon committee" of the Carnegie Institution of Washington (after four years of intensive study of that not invaluable satellite)—*"The surface of the moon is in all probability composed of pumice."*

SIGNS OF SPRING: A statement, *for publication,* from the Association of Reserve City Bankers, refers to it as, "the *recent* depression."

ON TIME: Now that it is really 1935, we have decided at last to do something about 1934. After careful study we have concluded to embalm it. The best way to embalm The Past—any portion of it—is to write a history about it.

We are now well launched on Paragraph One of Book I, Vol. I, in which we intend to take up toward the close of the first sentence the following questions: Why was it so named? What was it? What was the Green Bay Speech and what was there to it? What were the following: The Byrd Expedition? The Blue Eagle? The Century of Progress? General Hugh S. Johnson? The Republican Party?

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THE YEAR 1934 will, in all probability, be remembered as the year in which a learned gentleman of the medical profession got around to submitting to the American Medical Profession a report on Gertrude Stein. He used a lot of long words, all of which presumably were medical. Make no mistake about it—1934 *will be remembered* as the year in which G. Stein not only took the medical profession by storm but as the year in whch she began taking America—in groups limited to 500. There was not a little discussion in that year about the meaning of its purpose and even the purpose of the meaning of Miss Stein's prose. There was, too, a great deal more discussion as to whose bright idea it was to limit each of Miss Stein's audiences to 500. It guaranteed the charming re-expatriate of a sell-out at each of her lectures. It also forced a New York acquaintance of this department (a Harvard man) to travel all the way over to New Jersey and to Princeton to get his own first-hand clarification of a rose is a rose is a rose. He just got under the wire; in fact he was Number 499 down there. He was rather proud of the achievement, of his loyalty to the cause of ambiguity, until the fact began to dawn that in the Empire State the only Steinites who really count are the New York 500. His feat was sort of like being tapped for the *wrong* secret society.

Walter Lippmann was still abroad when Miss Stein began her campaign of unmaking Americans. Which, we must say, adds to the difficulty of explaining why he opened his 1934-1935 campaign of enlightenment with a piece in his *Today and Tomorrow* series in which we clearly detected him playing around with the idea that a rosebush is a rosebush is a rosebush.

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AND AS FOR THIS NEW YEAR, which has been given the very tricky name of 1935 (we expect to get used to it) we hope it will be the year in which something very definite will be done about smoking on railroads. A two-package a-day man ourselves, it is a matter of continuous annoyance to us that the railroads have not yet been let in on the secret of the complete emancipation of American women. We are aware that it is an event in the past, but the very recent past, in which kindly, if horrified, conductors desisted from warning women where they were going by standing on certain car platforms and shouting over and over again, *"Smoking car! Smoking car, lady!"* The cause of their eventual desistance has been lost to history, but that they finally stopped must have been in a measure due to being trampled under foot by in-bound members of the gentler sex clutching packages of *Old Golds, Chesterfields* and *Lucky Strikes* triumphantly chanting, "We heard you the first time!"

The conductors know all about this situation, but the railroad presidents don't seem to. The result is that on even our most modern roads smoking cars are kept to the usual minimum of two, seldom more than three. The remainder of the train is reserved for non-smokers—whole strings of vacant cars in which a few old Caspar Milquetoasts, total abstainers from the wicked weed or ones who have been warned away from it by their medical advisers sit in commodious grandeur. The rest of the passengers—men, girls, and women, with and without children—are jammed up forward in the tobacco consumer's cubicle.

The membership in our one-man movement of indignation for the increase of smoking cars on Americann R.R.'s was increased 100 per cent toward the close of the last year. The new member's indignation is, if anything, greater than our own. An inveterate smoker, he was forced to stand in the aisle on a recent day-trip from Baltimore to Washington. He had been standing fuming and smoking when he realized that he was standing beside a seat crowded by two children and their quite ample mother who was decidedly not smoking. The woman rode serenely along beneath billowing clouds of smoke.

Finally when our new member could stand it no longer, seeing an opportunity to get a seat in which to smoke, he took his courage in his hands and, bending down, spoke to the non-smok-

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ing lady. He was very tactful, very courteous: "Madam, I don't know whether you know it, but this is the Smoker. There are plenty of seats and lots more fresh air in the rear cars."

"Thank you," was the reply. "I know this is the Smoker. That's why I came here. Have you got a match?"

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Accident

ON BEHALF OF OUR MOVEMENT we would write a letter to the railroads about this, or even to the I.C.C. but we are constrained by visions of a fate similar to the one which befell a Boston acquaintance who wrote a letter to a New England railroad recently.

He had been a passenger on a northbound train which came to a sudden, grinding stop after it had gone only a little way out of South Station. Minutes filled with silence passed. In a short time clouds of smoke began to roll back from the forward car. Everyone began to get a little jittery. Finally the forward door was thrown open, and a brakeman shouted to the conductor who was standing at the rear of the car, "Joe, let's have your fire extinguisher!"

Joe, the conductor, went to a small compartment at the rear and brought out a hammer with which he began to attack a glass cabinet which contained an ancient fire extinguisher. He tapped the glass. Nothing happened. He tapped it harder. A few splinters flew off. He gave it a real hard blow. More pieces fell with a tinkling clatter, but there was still enough glass intact to keep the extinguisher locked up. As our acquaintance wrote later to the railroad, it took four long minutes, while the passengers sat nervously listening to breaking glass, before the extinguisher was finally reached. *Morro Castle* disasters, he said, have grown out of less.

Four days after he wrote to the railroad, our friend received a polite note of acknowledgment of his complaint. A week later he received another letter, informing him that the investigation, which he had started, was still on, and would he oblige the railroad with some additional information. *"A form is enclosed for your convenience."*

Deciding that he might as well go ahead with what he had started, he filled out the blank. Result: two days later an investigator called. He just wanted to clear up a few additional points. He went into the whole matter in much detail, consuming nearly an hour's time.

A week passed, another week. Then there came in the mail a letter from one of the vice-presidents of the road explaining that "Maintenance of Way has conducted numerous tests, actually smashing many of the fire extinguisher cabinets now in service, without being able to learn how you arrived at the time—four and a half minutes—which you set in your original complaint as the time required to get to the fire fighting equipment. "Because we are anxious," the nice letter continued, "to convince you as well as ourselves that some error has been made on this point we would like you to attend one of these demonstrations at our yard offices at 11 A.M. next Thursday."

The prompt decision of our friend, made then and there, was to forget and forgive, before the railroad was completely destroyed in the interests of truth.

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Uiver Sickness

DURING THE SECOND HALF of November, of the last year, all Holland passed through what was referred to, alike by cynics, humorists and serious lovers of that little country, which has gone air-mindedness mad, as "Uiver sickness." It all seems to be a part of the plan of this depression-harassed, at the moment still on the gold standard, country to retrieve, through the air, what she has lost on the high seas. Holland, whose main commercial mainstay and support, which makes her Queen the richest woman in the world, is days and days away, seeks to be the first commercial airpower, to the contrary the following: the ambitions of Germany, France, England and the United States.

The cause for the most recent epidemic of "Uiver sickness" was brought on by the hysterical rejoicing of the Dutch over the achievement of the American-made Douglas airplane, entered in the England-Australia air race by the Royal Dutch Airline and its Dutch crew of four.

This excitement was by no means discouraged by the authorities, who gave it their sanction by appearing at various of the meetings and by granting to Parmentier and his fellows quite a large number of official distinctions. There are people, even in Holland itself, who decry the encouragement given by the authorities to these demonstrations as they regard it as an exhibition of the spirit of the "bread and circuses" policy of the period of decline of the Roman Empire. Those who deliberately support it, do so on two, or at the most three, principles. First, they say, it provides work for many people who would otherwise be workless and that at the cost of those who can afford to spend and who will spend their money chiefly on matters of entertainment; secondly (though this is less commonly held) that it provides activity and interest for many who would otherwise be idle; and thirdly, that it creates in old and young that interest in aviation which is best described as *air-mindedness*. This last is the most important of the three, and it is a phenomenon which must be of more than local interest, for the simple reason that aviation, by reason of the space it demands for its most effective pursuit, at least by European countries, must necessarily be a matter of international import.

It would be idle to pretend that this enthusiasm for matters of air traffic is always sober and strictly truthful in its statements among the hysterical Dutch. To put it mildly as possible, some of the statements made by leading authorities as to the achievements of the Dutch crew of the *"Uiver"* are debatable and extravagant. It is freely stated in Holland, for example, that this achievement far exceeds anything done by the other entrants for the race. One need not belittle this achievement when one points out that the two Englishmen who won the first prize for speed also beat the Dutchmen's record in the handicap race by a considerable margin, but that under the rules laid down by the promoter they were not *allowed to take more than one prize.* As no one has questioned the fairness of the conditions laid down for the handicap it must be admitted that the Englishmen achieved, even in this matter, something more than did their Dutch rivals.

But one thing is certain on this point. The Dutch people, as a whole, have a well founded confidence in their pilots. The fact that the Royal Dutch Airlines have in the last thirteen years had only two fatal accidents and no other accidents of a serious nature fully justifies at least some of this confidence. Consequently when the newspapers of other countries asserted that the *"Uiver"* was in serious danger and had sent out an SOS call, no one in

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Holland believed it and now, when the full facts are known, it is universally agreed that if any mistake was made by Parmentier it was simply that of issuing an SOS when a less urgent one would have sufficed!

Little less than a year ago, when an achievement equally great, considering the conditions, as that of the *"Uiver"* was made by the Fokker F-18, *"Pelikaan,"* everything possible was given that name; all shop windows had stuffed pelicans as the center pieces of their displays; the children of customers were presented with sweets made in the form of that bird; every new design or invention that could, by any stretch of imagination, be given that name, was so christened. In fact, wherever one turned the name *"Pelikaan"* was heard. Today it is much the same with the *"Uiver,"* and in place of the pelican one sees the stork, for the name of the plane is a local variant of the standard Dutch, *Ooievaar.*

The fame of the *"Pelikaan"* among the air-minded Dutch is based on the fact that literally at a moment's notice she took the place of a new machine which had been prepared specially for a rapid flight to Batavia with the Christmas mails. When, in the presence of the authorities and the public who had been invited to see its departure, this new machine failed to answer the requirements and to rise in the air with its load of mail, the *"Pelikaan,"* which is one of the old F-18 machines in regular, but not particularly rapid, service between Holland and its Eastern Empire, was rolled out of its hangar and in a couple of hours was ready to take up its assigned task. Little things like that cause hysteria in air-minded Holland today. Of course, the achievement which went to its credit and to that of its crew—that is, of delivering the mails in Batavia in ample time for delivery at Christmas and in bringing back a similar load of mail for the New Year—was not so much one of actual speed as of endurance and adjustability on the part both of machine and men. Up to then, the air mails on this route, and since then only in exceptional circumstances, have not been carried by night. The F-18 was not designed for night flying, while twelve hours a day piloting a big machine in varied climatic and weather conditions, over sea and forest and mountain, is no little strain even on the most robust and well-trained flyer.

Behind all this and the achievement of the *"Uiver"* stands, of course, the organization of the Royal Dutch Airlines, the great achievement of its general manager, Albert Plesman, and of its manager of the Indian Airlines, Hans Martin, Holland's two heroes of the hour. There is today no more popular or better known person in all Holland and its colonies than Albert Plesman. He started life as a young army pilot with an ambition "to do something," and unquestionably he has done it. Hans Martin, on the other hand, is a less common type in Holland. Until well in his forties he was a journalist, only incidentally seeing something of aviation as a result of his activities as war correspondent in the Balkans during the World War and later as foreign editor of a leading daily. Then he accepted the post of general secretary of the Royal Dutch Lines. He later became assistant manager and later manager of the East Indian division.

An extensive and intensive propaganda campaign for aviation in all its forms is conducted by every newspaper in the land. Many columns of valuable space are devoted to the minutest details of whatever is happening at the airports and at the airplane factories, to portraits of pilots and their families and friends. All of this done on a scale that might make the most popular Hollywood star jealous; the records of the exact position of nearly every liner that flies from or to the Dutch airdromes are given as well as a thousand and one details that are of interest only from the fact that they draw attention to what the Dutch civil and military pilots and builders are doing. And not only is the amount of talk devoted to these matters carefully calculated to develop the air-mindedness of old and young, but the character of the news and the way in which it is handled is equally aimed at this effect, and even ever so slightly distorted. *"Our Dutch Uiver"* is a typical expression relating to the American-made Douglas machine with a Dutch crew. The full credit for the achievements of Ivan Smirnoff, one of the world's greatest long-distance aviators, is claimed for Holland, although Smirnoff was already well known as an aviator and had served in that capacity in the army of Russia, his native country, long before he entered the service of the Royal Dutch Airlines.

Already the Hollander who is not actively interested in aviation, who has not at least made a few joy-rides over Rotterdam or Amsterdam, or travelled to England, France, or Germany by plane, is the exception. With the present propaganda by government, newspapers, school teachers, as well as those directly concerned in the traffic, such a person will very shortly cease to exist. Actually the success of Douglas in designing machines which combine speed with comfort is a disagreeable blow to the Dutch manufacture, although the Fokker, Koolhoven and Pander machines, each in its own way, is by no means behind-hand even in these matters. With a machine capable of carrying thirty passengers in comfort for any distance, at a cruising speed of over 160 miles an hour, with meals served on board and easy sleeping accommodation, the fear of foreign competition is somewhat exaggerated, though possibly the expression of such fear is intended rather as a means of stirring up the Dutch builders to greater efforts. To such lengths has the national propaganda concerning air activity gone. The Royal Dutch Airlines Company is criticized for buying Douglas machines direct from America. And the fundamental basis of such criticism is not so much a directly industrial one as that it touches the national pride of Holland.

Aids to Drinking

CHRISTMAS, THE ONE JUST PAST, coincided with another anniversary, the first birthday of Repeal. The coincidence was not exact, of course, since some twenty-odd days separated the two events, but near enough for those vast and imponderable agencies that concoct Christmas gifts for America to buy. High up in office skyscrapers, deep down in interestingly decorated studios, they had been at work for weeks and months producing a flood of utensils, mechanisms, gadgets, devices and general accessories to the noble old art of public drinking, legal for the first twelvemonths since 1920. Thousands of designers, artists and plain inventors have been burning midnight oil and/or electricity to create a flood of aids to intoxication such as never before seen on this earth.

This department for some days now has been making quiet research into the number and complexity of things offered for the social drinker. We can only report the utmost amazement at their extent. And some slight dismay —do we really need so much engineer-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Outstanding Books of the Year

Reviewed by Robert Cantwell

LAST YEAR, AT THIS TIME, looking back over the books of the previous four seasons, we noted that the strongest impression was a negative one, the lack of important contributions from the recognized masters and near-masters of contemporary literature. Nothing from Joyce, Gide, or Eliot; nothing of importance from Shaw or Wells, Huxley, Dreiser, Anderson, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, or the other Nobel prizewinners. (We're not saying we consider all these individuals masters or near-masters; we are speaking of recognized headliners.) The outstanding books were the work of the relatively unknown. At a time when the process of social change was enormously accelerated, when society demanded dramatization and clarification of its present and approaching conflicts, the leading dramatists, poets, social historians became silent or contented themselves with diluted repetitions of their previous works.

And it is all still true, though some of these men have broken the silence. And in some cases we can wistfully regret that they did so. Thomas Mann has given us "Joseph and His Brothers" (Knopf): Wells has written a typical Wells novel in "Experiment in Autobiography" (Macmillan). "Joseph and His Brothers" is, like all Mann's work, grave and muffled, a retelling of the Old Testament story with emphasis on some never quite clear theories of history, impressive as an example of fine craftsmanship, but disappointing in that Mann does not make us see the relevancy of his story to this, his contemporary, audience. The slow and occasionally tedious narrative based on one of the more familiar Bible tales does not seem nearly so pertinent as "The Magic Mountain," for instance, in which the dilemmas of the characters had closer counterparts in our own experience and in which the philosophical discussions were but finer statements of the alternatives that most of us face. Wells's rambling and rattling autobiography begins as a vivid picture of lower-middle-class English life, and particularly of the career of a good-natured, ambitious and hard-working son of that class, but it ends in some vague speculations on the future world society—toward the end Wells seems to judge the prominent individuals with whom he comes in contact on their promise or disappointment as leaders capable of lifting the world out of its misery. The early friends are richly characterized, but the prominent individuals who figure in the later years, from Gorky to Roosevelt, appear only in their public roles.

Again we find that relative newcomers dominate the literary scene. Andre Malraux's "Man's Fate" (Smith and Haas) stands out as the single most impressive effort of the year, either in fiction or non-fiction; it is a kind of super-melodrama, memorable and powerful, of the Chinese revolution of 1927, but melodrama in which there is no sacrifice of intellectual perception for the momentary excitement of incident. Malraux writes of individuals who are dominated by the thought of death, and whose individual dramas, whether they are revolutionists or bankers, revolve around their attempts to evade or to make peace with the consciousness of their own ends—some, at this moment when death is in the air all around them, taking the escape of opium, some finding a kind of satisfaction in the exercise of power, some —including a group of revolutionists who are among the most vivid of modern characters—steeled by a certainty that the cause they live and die for is advanced. More than any other novelist, Malraux succeeds in giving the reader a sense that the moment of which he writes is of the greatest historic importance; the whole course of world history seems to depend on what happens in China and particularly in Shanghai during the few tragic, bloody, stirring, days.

"Man's Fate" is also, with its intensity, its violence, its comparative minimizing of personal tragedies for the mass tragedies, the mass emotions of a revolution, characteristic of the fiction of our time; the same qualities that we find in it we find to a lesser extent in works so dissimilar as Werfel's "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" (Viking) and Louis-Ferdinand Celine's "Journey to the End of the Night" (Little Brown); in William Rollins's "The Shadow Before" (McBride) and in McKinley Kantor's "Long Remember" (Coward McCann). These novels are strikingly different in theme and in the points of view of their various authors.

They are alike in their violence and in their recognition of the fact that our age is dominated by largescale social conflicts, and that our personal dramas have meaning insofar as they throw light on these conflicts. The embattled group of Armenian refugees who struggle for their lives in "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" are like Marlraux's revolutionists, or Rollins's strikers and Kantor's Yankee soldiers in this at least, that the personal quarrels and triumphs, no matter how intricate or interesting, give way to a major concern with the welfare of the group. In "Journey to the End of the Night" the vast executions of the war, with which the book begins, render all the other experiences of the characters meaningless—or, rather, disgusting because they are so trivial and yet so important to the individuals involved. This strange story of a wandering physician is unique, a fascinating and revolting record of commonplace activities that are somehow made to seem gross and horrible, often funny in a wild, uncontrolled way, sometimes sickening.

Sean O'Faolain's "A Nest of Simple Folk" (Viking) also deals with a broad social conflict—in this case the struggle for Irish independence—but in this novel the individual career resumes its traditional role in fiction and

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the revolution is the background against which characterizations are built up. A beautiful novel, distinguished by a cadenced, lyric prose, "A Nest of Simple Folk" covers three generations and maintains a pitch of intensity that few chronicles of this sort possess. And in it too, though the frequent uprisings are never the leading interest, the fortunes of all the characters are identified with the armed social warfare that goes on ceaselessly off-stage. Even so remote a work as Isak Denisen's "Seven Gothic Tales" (Smith and Haas) reflects the contemporary concern with revolution and social convulsions. Another literary oddity, though a picturesque and charming one, this collection of stories of the natural and supernatural might have been written in another century —after the French Revolution, perhaps—since its point of view, at once romantic and disillusioned, mocking, sentimental and shrewd, is so foreign to our own. It is not an important book in the sense that "Man's Fate" is one; you cannot imagine its having a wide influence or appealing very deeply to a great many readers, but it is puzzling, eccentric, gracefully written, and something of a relief from the somber realism of most contemporary fiction. Revolutions and political upheavals enter this book principally as instruments for moving the characters around Europe, or providing the more sophisticated characters with materials for epigrams.

Jules Romains's "Men of Good Will" (Knopf) is an important book precisely because it is bound to influence the writing of fiction regardless of the point of view it expresses or—in one sense—of its literary merits; it is a conscious attempt to work out a new form for the novel, a tremendously long book in which attention is focussed on the movements of a great many people through French society of the period before the World War. If Romains fails unequivocally in his attempt to make society itself, its interrelations and invisible connectives, the center of attention, we can expect a searching in other fields as his contemporaries react to his experiments. Six volumes of this novel have now been translated. It grows progressively more interesting even if you feel, as I do, that Romains's picture of the social order is partial and biased and that his writing is often hasty and sentimental. It becomes more interesting because the relationship of the hundred or so characters becomes more important than the individuals themselves; the way they approach one another and draw back, the way they slip past one another without suspecting the indirect ties that unite them, the way they influence one another without being aware of it—all this takes on an added value quite apart from the social significance of the various careers. It is a little like reading parts of a dozen novels simultaneously, a little like directing traffic, but it is a novel and thought-provoking experience.

American fiction on the whole has been less impressive: our novels are milder, our experiments are on a smaller scale. With three good historical novels, some noteworthy improvements in the field of proletarian literature, a lively satire and some conscientious accounts of middle-class frustration, the outstanding books are pretty well accounted for. The historical novels are Stark Young's "So Red the Rose" (Scribner's), McKinley Kantor's "Long Remember" and Josephine Herbst's "The Executioner Waits" (Harcourt Brace). "Long Remember" revolves around the battle of Gettysburg; it is, in fact, a novel of that battle and of little else. The conflict seems as timely as yesterday's unemployed demonstration; you visualize the battle, in Mr. Kantor's book, about as it must have seemed to the soldiers and the villagers who were so suddenly involved. As far as this purely military crisis is concerned, "Long Remember" is superb. It is less impressive as an historical study in the broader sense of the term.

Malraux, on the other hand, makes you feel, in his account of the revolution in Shanghai, that the course of history is being determined in the moments of which he writes, that in this crisis the decisions of individuals, even their most private decisions, are important in that crisis (their inactivity being as socially momentous as their activity). But Mr. Kantor never makes you feel that the terrible conflict he describes is more than a brutal and half-accidental and senseless coming-together of two bewildered antagonists. That, and the ambiguous character of the central figure, who is some sort of rare philosophical pacifist, limit the value of "Long Remember" to a vivid recapture of violent moments. On the other hand, "So Red the Rose" is somewhat overweighted with speculation on the meaning of the Civil War, and Mr. Young frequently seems to credit his characters who were involved in the conflict, and so subject to all its blindness and confusion, with the understanding and objectivity that we have now, after several generations of argument and research. That is, Mr. Young, since his sympathies are all with the South, credits his more sophisticated Southerners with that sort of understanding, though he doesn't credit the Yankees with so much.

William Rollins's "The Shadow Before" is by all odds the clearest and most detailed account of a major industrial conflict in our fiction, a well-knit novel in which employers, organizers, workers and innocent bystanders respond to the antagonisms that are released during a long and widespread strike. The occasional impressionistic writing weakens the story; the shrewd characterizations of the lumpen-bourgeoise, mill-owner's wives and daughters, make it of more than momentary value. The note of ruthlessness, haste, impatience, a willingness to accept force, that is so conspicuous in most of the novels listed above, is repeated here. Violence, purposeless and uncontrolled, is also a major item in James Farrell's portrait of a Chicago hoodlum in "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan (Vanguard), a passionately honest book, part of the longer saga of Studs Lonigan, but one so strictly limited to a single environment that it sometimes seems a case history.

The few important novels that do not reveal these characteristics can be briefly mentioned: There is Tess Schlesinger's satire on New York parlor Bolsheviks, "The Unpossessed"; Hamilton Basso's "Cinammon Seed" (Scribner's), a Southern novel which has none of the proud provincialism or frenzied disgust we now associate with Southern novels; Josephine Johnson's "Now in November" (Simon and Schuster); Ruth Suckow's "The Folks" (Farrar and Rinehart); William Saroyan's "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" (Random House).

"The Daring Young Man" is a collection of short stories that now and again lapse into informal essays and plaintive confessions of the difficulties of being a writer, a book written with engaging candor, honest conceit and almost arrogant bewilderment, and one that suggests the appearance, on the literary scene, of a strong and colorful

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Men Who Sell You

(*Continued from page* 33)

out. It was Barton who first likened insurance to *A rock in a weary world,* and who ushered in a new kind of book advertising with his advertisements for Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf. Books had been sold as commodities, fine India paper bound in buckram; Barton built human values into the advertising with such headlines as *This is Marie Antoinette Riding to Her Death.* He convinced Americans that they could be well-educated by reading fifteen minutes a day and sold 400,000 sets of Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf.

If Herbert Hoover visioned, "Two cars in every garage and a chicken in every pot," it was Barton who originated the idea of two cars in every family as an answer to a perplexing used car problem, while working on General Motors advertising. His partner in B.B.D.O., William H. Johns, coined *used car* to supplant the then generally used term "second-hand car." Preparing advertising to dispose of some second-hand automobiles many years ago, Johns thought "second-hand" was negative and "used" much better. The client balked, but the copy was used in a small New York newspaper ad, with the result that all the second-hand cars in the world became "used cars" almost overnight.

Barton created for the General Electric Company the theme, now widely used by utility companies, that any woman who does work that could be done by an electric device is working for one-third to one-quarter of a cent per hour. While Barton wrote the copy which introduced "knee action" wheels to the public, it was Robley Feland, B.B.D.O. vice-president, who produced the phrase. Remembering a physiologist's simile for knees as the "springs of the human body," Feland thought of the new motor car springs as knees and coined *Knee Action Wheels.*

The guiding, controlling and motivating force in B.B.D.O., one of the biggest of the agencies, is Roy S. Durstine, Vice President and General Manager. He is active in all phases of the agency, but his interest in dramatics, first expressed in the Triangle Club shows of his student days at Princeton, found a new outlet in radio advertising. In the early days of radio, Durstine obtained the Atwater Kent account, largely because he admitted frankly that he knew nothing about a radio set. He used the old eighteen station WEAF network before N.B.C. was founded, launched the Atwater Kent Sunday night programs of fine music in 1925, tied up all Metropolitan Opera stars on contract for radio work. He had a hand in introducing the dramatic sketch and revue-form of entertainment on the air. Largely because Durstine fought for his notion that advertising agencies, and not broadcasting companies, should handle advertisers' programs on the air, the present system has been evolved. He refused to deal with station brokers, contracted directly with the stations or networks, and established the precedent for commissions on talent as well as time.

KENNETH GROESBECK. During the last five years he has handled the Standard Oil Company's Flit advertising, one of the pioneers of humorous copy in the United States and a user of horror copy abroad. The extermination of insects may be the subject of humor at home, but abroad such headlines as *Death Rides on the Mosquito's Wings* and *Kill This Midnight Vampire* have been concocted by Groesbeck to sell Flit where insects often carry deadly germs. The slogan *Don't Get Bit, Get Flit* was Groesbeck's, but the current one *Quick Henry, the Flit!* is the invention of the artist who draws the cartoons and signs himself "Dr. Seuss." His name is Theodore Seuss Geisel and the slogan first appeared as a single advertising cartoon in *The New Yorker.* Groesbeck also has been responsible for Stanco's Nujol and Mistol campaigns, wrote the *Lend a Hand Neighbor* copy to raise a $2,000,000 welfare fund for New York in December. He is vice-president of McCann-Erickson, an authority on copy testing and an advertising man for 20 years. Standard Oil products have long been a subject for McCann-Erickson advertising copy. Harrison K. McCann had been advertising manager of Standard Oil in 1911. Seeing that the Standard Oil reorganization ordered by the Supreme Court's dissolution decree would wipe out the general advertising department, McCann resigned and set up his own agency. Some of the Standard Oil accounts, together with some other business laid the foundation of the present agency, which handles a good volume of business, chiefly in food, drug, automotive and petroleum fields.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL. The thickset, lofty browed president of the American Tobacco Company has built an almost legendary reputation as a creator of advertising slogans and new campaigns for Lucky Strike Cigarettes, Cremo Cigars and other American Tobacco products. The audacity of some of his campaigns has made him the center of bitter controversy on several occasions, particularly when his *Reach For a Lucky Instead of a Sweet* slogan ran afoul of the confectioners. Cremo's *Spit is a Horrid Word* again brought hot coals upon his head, chiefly because few cigars offered on the American market are "spit-tipped," to use the campaign's own term. Each new slogan and each new advertising slant has been credited directly to President Hill.

When Lucky Strike sales were shooting upward to new highs, he took the bows graciously, told stories to support the legend that each idea came from his own fertile brain. Thus he told the genesis of the slogan which led to his duel with the confectioners: "I was driving home from my office one afternoon when my car was stopped by a traffic light. A very fat woman was standing on the corner, chewing with evident relish on what may have been a pickle but which I thought was a sweet. Then I saw a flapper, who took a cigarette out of her bag and lighted it. I thought how much better it would be if the fat woman had smoked cigarettes instead of eating candy."

President Hill has spoken less about his flashes of creative genius since Lucky Strike cigarettes have been tobogganing. Cigarette sales statistics, closely guarded by agreement of the tobacco companies, are at best misleading, but current gossip in the industry places Lucky Strike third. Lucky Strike's *It's Toasted* was used first while President Hill's father, the late Percival Hill, Sr., headed American Tobacco, and it was suggested by a worker in the factory. Lucky Strike's first big campaign idea, which offered to pay the government tax of six cents if smokers would give the cigarette a trial, was conceived by Mark O'Dea, who now heads his own agency and was then writing copy for Lord & Thomas. The Lucky Strike Precious Voice Campaign was the creation of Frank Hummert, now a partner in Blackett - Sample - Hummert and then with Lord & Thomas.

It is quite likely that if the com-

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plete history of Lucky Strike advertising is ever written, many another staffman in the Lord & Thomas agency, from President Albert D. Lasker to an office boy or two, will share in the full story. To President Hill of American Tobacco should go the full credit due an executive whose recognition of the value of advertising has prompted him to make each succeeding campaign a subject for his personal attention. He took command of American Tobacco in 1926 when net profits were already amounting to the sizable sum of $22,500,000 and built them up to more than $40,000,000 annually during the Depression years. His salary and bonus topped $1,000,000 in 1930 and 1931, fell to three-quarters of a million in 1932. The courts, passing on suits brought by quibbling stockholders who objected to such a high remuneration for President Hill, justified the sums on the basis of his creative work for the company. Only Harvey Firestone and P. K. Wrigley among major corporation executives have built up spectacular reputations for personally handling their own advertising to rank with Mr. Hill's. But the Depression has prompted many a corporation president to give closer personal attention to his advertising.

LILLIAN EICHLER WATSON. Millions of Americans virtually grew up with this small, dark-eyed, black-haired girl and learned the niceties of etiquette as she learned them, for it was Lillian Eichler, aged 18, who made the country etiquette-conscious. It all started when one of her first assignments as a copywriter at Ruthrauff & Ryan called for the creation of copy to move an old stock of etiquette books for Nelson Doubleday. Her ad showed a cup of coffee spilled on a hostess' table cloth to the bewilderment of a guest, and asked: *Has This Ever Happened to You?* The advertisement was aimed not at selling a book, like so many other ads before it, but at *selling protection against embarassment.* It clicked, coupons requesting the book on a five-day approval basis rolled into the Doubleday office. Most of the books rolled back just as quickly, when readers found that the old etiquette book was illustrated with pictures of women in bustles.

Nelson Doubleday, convinced of the potential market for an up-to-date etiquette book, decided that anyone clever enough to write such sure-fire advertising copy might write a good etiquette book, so he commissioned Miss Eichler to do the job. She thought of all the problems of etiquette which might embarrass her or her young friends, researched for the proper answer to each, and then turned out a book within a few months which she thought she might enjoy reading herself. What was more: she wrote the advertising copy for the book as well! Her classic headlines, *What's Wrong in This Picture?, She Ordered Filet Mignon and She Thought It Was Fish, Should She Invite Him In?* and others, sent millions of Americans in quest of the answers to arm themselves against embarrassment. The ads also gave sophisticates a host of phrases which are still bantered about in daily language. More than 1,000,000 copies of *"The Book of Etiquette"* were sold through the mails on the power of those advertisements. At twenty-three, Miss Eichler could not help blushing when she re-read her own best-seller, finally begged Nelson Doubleday to let her revise it. *"The New Book of Etiquette,"* therefore, appeared in 1925, and in 1934 she completed another revision to answer the problems concerned with repeal. The sales to date on all editions have passed 3,000,000, more than one-third of them at three dollars a copy and the remainder in cheaper editions. Emily Post's book followed Miss Eichler's by several years.

Working on "The Book of Etiquette" aroused her curiosity as to why people did things according to certain customs. The result of her curiosity was an 800-page book, *"Customs of Mankind,"* which sold over 100,000 copies, became a best-seller in England. She turned out two other books, *"Well-bred English"* and *"The Art of Conversation,"* before turning to her real ambition, fiction. "Stillborn," her first novel, did fairly well in two editions. Her second novel, laid in the Fiji Islands where she and her husband, Dr. T. M. Watson, spent an extended vacation, is nearly completed. For Ruthrauff & Ryan, she has continued to write advertising copy, turning out the talking continuities (comic strip technique) for Rinso and Cocomalt during the last seven years. She has trained her 25-year-old brother, Alfred, to take over that work in 1935, while she is to embark on a new task as "idea man" for all Ruthrauff & Ryan's list of accounts. At 32, she entertains plans for buying an island in the South Seas and writing fiction.

WILBUR B. RUTHRAUFF. He had demonstrated his ability to write copy which moved readers to clip-the-coupon years before his copywriter, Lillian Eichler, added a bright feather in the cap of Ruthrauff & Ryan. Fresh out of Yale in 1909, Ruthrauff collected rents and a 1,001 impression of the pathetically ambitious people who make up middle-class America. Those impressions served him well when he and Frederick B. Ryan, Yale '04, started an advertising agency on $2,000 capital in 1912, catering to clients who had a product which could be sold through a mail order coupon. His classic advertisement, about to be revived in a new campaign for the Roth Memory Course, exclaimed: *Of Course—I Remember You: Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.* The line has become a part of the every-day language of America although it is many years since the copy first appeared.

Another long-remembered headline, *They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano, But When I Started to Play!,* came from the Ruthrauff & Ryan copy department. A young copywriter named John Caples, now with B.B.D.O., created it to sell music lessons for the United States School of Music. Its success dictated his later adaptation to sell French lessons for Doubleday: *They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in French but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply.* Caples, a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, left the Navy for advertising, has attained a reputation as an expert on tested copy for B.B.D.O.

Ruthrauff and Ryan have been together for twenty-two years, their first fifteen were relatively inauspicious, their last five during the Depression have been their best. Breaking away from pretty layouts and beautiful illustrations, they have used the technique of the tabloid news page and the comic page—the most widely preferred media of the masses—to advertise Dodge cars, Lifebuoy soap, Penzoil, Valspar, Rinso, Cocomalt and other products. Ruthrauff's contribution to fright advertising, directed at America's popularity-courting millions, is the now famous "B.O." for Lifebuoy.

CHESTER BLISS BOWLES. He had good reason to beam when the Crossley survey of radio audiences reached his modernistic desk early last fall. The tall, quiet, lantern-jawed half of the firm name of Benton & Bowles,

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he is responsible for the agency's creative output, the building of radio programs, the writing of copy. The Crossley survey showed that three of the radio programs he had created were ranked first, third and fourth in the size of their listening audiences: First, Maxwell House Showboat; Third, Palmolive's Operetta Series; Fourth, Ipana-Sal Hepatica Town Hall Program. Only Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann Yeast Hour, created by J. Walter Thompson, halted a sweep of all of the first three places. The report measured graphically the success of two optimistic young Yale men, achieved from scratch during five years of the Depression. The first copy Bowles wrote in 1929, when the firm was founded, didn't have time to appear before the Crash came. Their first six months' billings hardly reached $25,000. At the end of nine months, they faced bankruptcy. Today, at the end of five years, Benton & Bowles is one of the ten largest advertising agencies. Although they have only a half dozen clients, their billings for 1934 reached $8,000,000. Four advertisers, General Foods, Colgate - Palmolive-Peet, Gold Dust and Bristol-Myers, accounted for the major share of that respectable sum.

Both Bowles and his partner, William B. Benton, were under thirty when they opened their own office in 1929. The grandson of Samuel Bowles, founder of the Springfield, Mass., *"Republican,"* young Bowles was graduated from Yale, took a fling at reporting on the *"Republican,"* then joined the George Batten Company as an advertising copywriter. He created the phrase *Double-whipped* mayonnaise for Hellmann's. Bowles has starred most brilliantly in the creation of radio programs with an atmosphere to fit the product, with effective advertising "plugs" which fit inoffensively into the program. The Maxwell House Showboat, accorded the biggest audience of all radio programs in the Crossley survey, is a good example of Bowles's work. He has achieved that rarity in radio advertising, a program idea which is more important than the individual stars. Consequently the programs are remembered by the public in terms of their sponsors rather than the players. The Maxwell House Showboat has undergone numerous changes in its cast since first going on the air, without injury to the program or to its sponsor. Bowles has instituted many innovations in ra-

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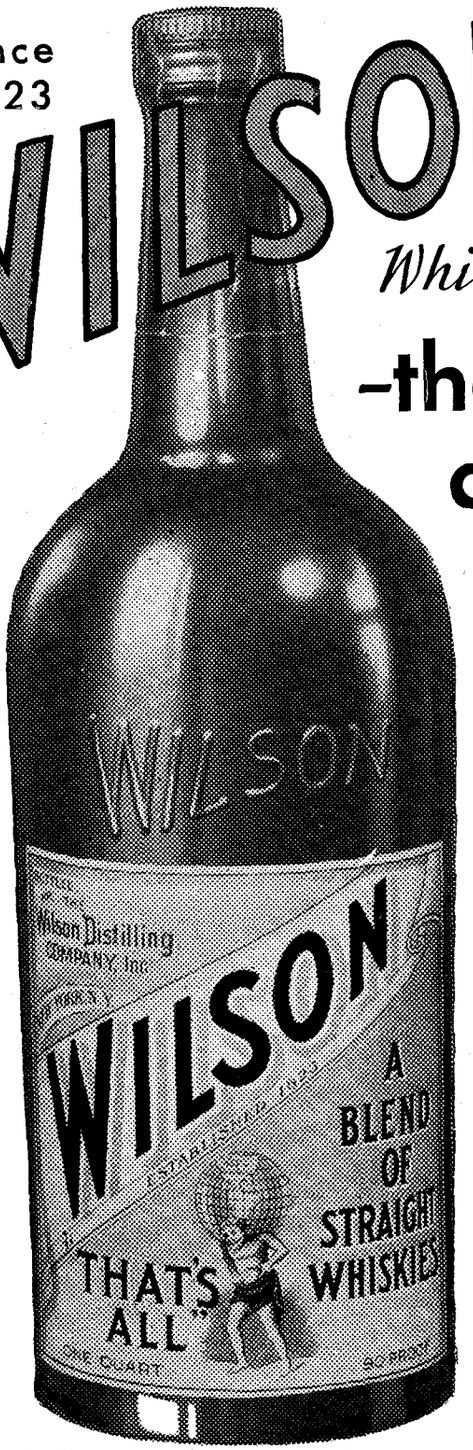

The full, rich flavor of WILSON whiskey comes from the golden American grain used in the distillation. WILSON whiskey is scientifically aged in charred oak barrels and fully ripened before bottling. In a high-ball, Manhattan or "straight" you will like WILSON. Ask for it NOW—today —that's all.

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dio showmanship, among them the use of doubles for singers whose speaking voices do not fit their character parts. Lanny Ross, for instance, had a high, squeaky speaking voice which might have killed his appeal on the air, but Bowles gave him a double. Ross has since trained himself to speak well and dispensed with the double. Most of the characters on the Palmolive pocket-size operetta programs have doubles. The Palmolive program, highly successful, was at first opposed by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet executives who doubted whether the public would listen to operetta. Bowles persisted, won his point.

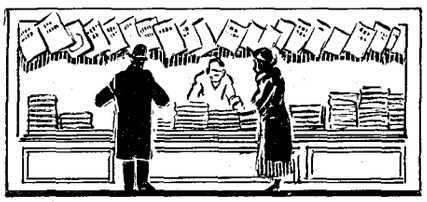
Bowles acquired a legacy in two of America's finest slogans when he took over the task of creating advertising for Maxwell House Coffee and Palmolive soap: *Good to the Last Drop* and *Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion.* The Maxwell House folks, sticklers for colorful tradition, will tell you that President Theodore Roosevelt created their slogan. Visiting The Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's estate, in 1907, the President was given a cup of Maxwell House, drank it with delight. When asked if he would like to have a second cup, the President is quoted as saying: "Yes, by George, that's good coffee. It's good to the last drop!" The name of the advertising-minded man who created both slogan and story has been lost to posterity. However, the makers of Maxwell House Coffee, General Foods, receive thousands of letters each year from wags who want to know "What is the matter with the last drop?" The company now has an answer prepared in a leaflet. It contains a score of quotations from the classics, compiled from a much more detailed work prepared by a Columbia University English professor on a commission from Maxwell House, proving that "to" implies from the first drop to the last *inclusive.*

The words in the Palmolive slogan were written originally by the late Edna Steele in the body of an advertisement prepared while she was employed by Lord & Thomas. S. N. Holliday and Martin S. Reddington, representing the Poster Advertising Company, instituted a search with Palmolive executives for a new billboard slogan. Three hours of poring over old Palmolive advertisements resulted in discovery of the sentence: "Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion." It became Palmolive's slogan, first on billboards and then in all advertising. Because slogans are so important to billboard advertising, many have been developed or discovered by poster company executives.

THOMAS L. L. RYAN. Ipana's *Pink Toothbrush,* Sal Hepatica's *Saline Cocktail* and Ingram's box-office fight between tube and jar all have been his creations. An advertising man who belongs to no clubs, trade associations, or lodges, he has built his reputation on copy, now heads his own firm of Pedlar & Ryan. At 18 he wrote house advertising for *Vogue,* then branched out by preparing occasional *Vogue* ads for Flint & Horner and Ovington's. That was in 1913, yet he still handles their advertising today. He met Henry Bristol of Bristol-Myers in his artillery battery during the war, an acquaintanceship which grew into a business contact after the war. Bristol-Myers, no advertiser of its ethical medicinal products before the war, was persuaded by B.B.D.O. to advertise Ipana Toothpaste in the early '20s. Tom Ryan was writing the copy when the squeamish *Ladies' Home Journal* refused the phrase "bleeding gums" in an advertisement. He created and substituted "Pink Toothbrush," which was approved. Since the phrase was his, he continued to use it after he set up his own agency and took the Bristol-Myers account with him. Ipana's radio program, created and staged by Bowles of Benton & Bowles, uses Ryan's "Pink Toothbrush" copy.

MEN IN GENERAL

THE MEN WHO SELL YOU are generally above the average run of business executives in intelligence, range of interests and social background. Most of them are better educated than the average business executive and more sophisticated than the general run of back-slapping Rotarians who infest the business world. Some of them are cynical, but most of them have an unlimited capacity for honestly believing in the products they are promoting. Their problems are in many ways similar to those of the motion picture industry in reaching the masses effective-



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ly. If they permit sophistication and cynicism to creep into their work, it soon fails to reach the public and heads them for oblivion. It would be too much to expect their ranks to be free from pink-fleshed, speech-making morons, but most of them are not.

This gallery of quick sketches makes no pretense at being complete, for such an attempt would fill volumes. If it has provided a few glimpses of some personalities, little known to the general public, who, through the creation of advertising, influence the daily lives of millions of persons who buy advertised products, it will have served its purpose. There are many who might have been included. J. M. Mathes, who dignified the pop bottle, wrapped it in gold foil, and made Canada Dry *The Champagne of Ginger Ales,* might have been included. With P. D. Saylor, Canada Dry's president, Mathes got an option to buy the company in in 1923 for $1,000,000, then built its sales from 20,000 cases in 1922 to more than 2,000,000 cases annually in recent years, turned a $1,000,000 corporation into a $10,000,000 corporation largely through advertising. He was a partner in N. W. Ayer when he started Canada Dry advertising, more recently establishing his own agency. Turner Jones, the advertising manager of Coca-Cola whose slogan *The Pause That Refreshes* has been translated into almost every language on earth, might well have been included. The name Coca-Cola is brought to the public's attention more than 500,000,000 times each year in letters varying from type like this to sky-written characters a mile high. Such advertising, kept up year after year, has made Coca-Cola the largest selling trade-marked beverage in the world. The men behind such association campaigns as *Say It With Flowers* and *Save the Surface and You Save All* might have been included. Thus the list could be extended indefinitely. A more complete gallery would serve only to give a greater impression of the vastness and complexity of this field.

The Men Who Sell You occupy a vital place in American life. They constitute a race of rugged individualists whom it would be difficult to convince that America is not still a land of unlimited opportunity.

America Afloat Tomorrow

(*Continued from page* 47)

new liners of the company were built. Of the seventy men on this particular voyage there were nine native Americans, one naturalized American, nine Hollanders, nine Chinese, twelve South Americans. On a voyage of the United Fruit liner *Calamares* last August, there were forty-one natives in the crew of 130. There were fifteen British subjects, twenty-nine Spaniards and twenty-two naturalized Americans. The record does not show how many of these were 3-y-c's. But all of them could have been, under the law. One wonders what chance Americans would have to obtain employment on the *Deutschland,* or the *Stuttgart,* or *Bremen.* Or why the Cunard-White Star does not sign on a few New York sailors and stewards for voyages on the *Aquitania* and *Majestic.*

There is another side to this picture. Despite the feverish flag-gesturing of a group of chauvinistic newspaper marine editors, one cannot help sympathizing with ship operators in this problem. They argue, with some justification, that they employ a certain number of foreigners out of sheer necessity. Some claim they cannot get suitable men for many of the jobs.

There is always the antique boast that Americans are not servants. It is a sort of simpering pride we have, a belief that we are moulded for gods and cannot lower ourselves to the level of one who serves. And to a certain extent this attitude is reflected in many ocean-going dining rooms. American stewards often suffer from this type of inferiority complex and put a dish on the table in a way which says, "I'm as good as you are." Unless strictly trained and disciplined they become fresh, and familiar with their passengers.

Recently an Englishman told, however truthfully, how he had complained on a small American liner in the West Indies that his food was distasteful to him.

"Nuts to you," replied the steward, in a tone so matter-of-fact that the passenger, untutored in our delightful *patois,* was for a while under the impression that only a change in diet was being recommended.

An American, a veteran traveler who recently heeded the advertising call of an American line, returned from

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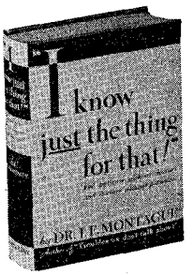

By DR. J. F. MONTAGUE

From the Contents

What Is Normal Function?
The Crime Wave in Cathartics
Name Your Poison!
Biliousness—Gallstones—Gallbladder Trouble
The Matter of Lubrication, Mineral Oil, Mineral Oil-Agar Mixtures, Water, Flaxseed, Health Foods
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Indigestion—Acid Stomach—Ulcers
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Dreams—Sleeplessness
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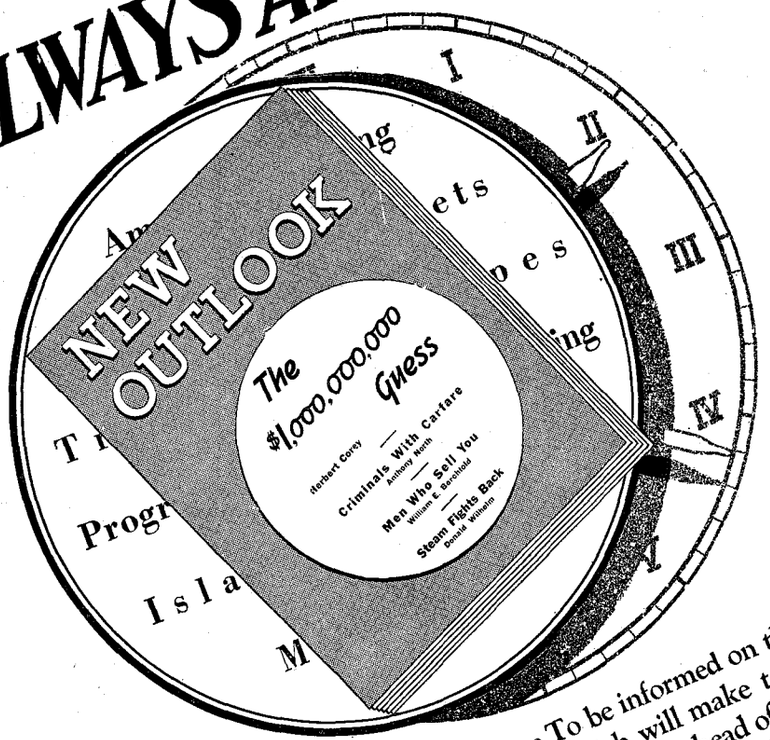

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his trip vowing never again to succumb to this patriotic impulse, because his steward had insisted throughout the voyage on calling him "Brother." Every day it was: "Well, brother, how's things today?"

American stewards have a hard time learning how to serve and keep their dignity at the same time. Foreign stewards know the trick. Some of them know it too well, and can make a passenger feel distinctly inferior.

One company most often accused of unpatriotic policies in the matter of hiring crews replies that Chinese labor for kitchen and steward departments is more dependable than American labor. It has been pointed out unofficially at the line, that Chinese never go ashore in Singapore or Bombay, or Shanghai or Manila, and get drunk or raise hell in general, as American crews were wont to do. They have no labor troubles with the Chinese, who are good workers, easily disciplined. In fact they require no discipline at all, but docilely follow the undeviating course of Number One Boy, who on each ship makes himself responsible to the line for all the men under him. This lifts the weight of many responsibilities from the sagging corporation shoulders.

No one can foretell what action President Roosevelt will take when all the evidence of abuses and nonfeasances have been assembled by various agencies now "investigating" the ocean mail subsidies.

But steamship men, particularly those under contract, know well that some radical changes are in store for them, and that the old hit-and-miss system has seen its final days. Steamship men are not nearly so pragmatical as the new year dawns; they have learned a lot and are even virtually at the point where they will admit that the steamship business can no longer be operated on the basis of 1929 travel figures.

One mistake of recent years will require immediate rectification. The attitude of the steamship men has been that the duties of the government to the Merchant Marine are obligatory and inherent; but at the same time they resent any intrusion in what they deem to be their private affairs. As a matter of principle, it should be the right of the government to scrutinize any feature of a contractor's business as may, from time to time, appear deserving of curiosity.

If the Merchant Marine is to live

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under the uncle's beneficence (and it must), there will have to be strict regulation and the steamship operator will find it impossible to be arrogant and dependent at the same time. There is no reason on earth why a steamship company, struggling against insuperable competition, keeping alive only by the constant feeding from the hegemonic cash register, should pay $150,000 and $200,000 salaries to its executives.

It is a simple matter, requiring the most elemental reasoning. It is all very well to pay big salaries if the executives are earning them. But when it is impossible to keep the corporate neck out of financial troubles, then the executives should, obviously, be pinched with the dividends. There are, or were a year or so ago, a great many large salaries in the steamship business. Some of them were cancelled or drastically reduced under the brief but surpassingly alert administration of H. H. Heimann as head of the Shipping Board. One company in particular which had several $65,000-$100,000 salaries, came under the gentle but swift scalpel of Dr. Heimann. Other companies, suffering with various ills, required similar radical surgical treatment.

There was one concern which had made so little money in recent years that seamen actually had to wait, on several occasions, until the mail subsidy payments came in, before they received their little wages. This company owed the government payments on a construction loan fund as well. Another company in this perpetual state of invalidism suffered seizure of the mail payments by the irreverent Mr. Heimann. The mail installments were, thereafter, placed in a common banking account which required both governmental and operator signatures for withdrawals. Each month, a part of the bounty installment went back into the construction fund.

It surely would not be amiss for the Shipping Board to provide itself adequate accounting and investigative facilities for watching the steamship concerns. The government could rightfully curtail salaries, affect other economies, insist on able management and dictate operating policies in a widespread coördinated program for an adequate Merchant Marine. If there is no means available for coördinating the various units of our proposed modern merchant fleet and if the government cannot exercise its right of directing the building program the result would be obviously waste effort and money.

There are too many evils in the industry which may be exorcised only by an impartial, non-competitive agency. There are overlapping services and parallel routes which must be disentangled and re-ordered for the good of the Merchant Marine. Mail contracts on some of these company services are duplications. Steamer departures and arrivals should be "staggered" to distribute mail equally over a given period, instead of grouping it and leaving inevitable "empty spots." The industry may well call for regulation on the government's side as well, and ask how much American mail is misdirected on foreign vessels when it might be turned to American bottoms with little or no loss of time.

Perhaps we will have to inaugurate a test system under which moribund companies, at least those to whom no amount of tender nursing could return the fresh bloom of youth, would be eliminated from the bounty rolls. Whatever turn the government stride takes, be it toward socialization, nationalization, or government operation (the losses under the latter system a few years ago were not much greater than those of private enterprise today), it will have to recognize the fact that the merchant fleet of any nation is no longer a private affair, but public policy and national development. Either we must go along with the rest of the world, or suffer in commerce and national security, with which the merchant fleet is inextricably bound.

Outstanding Books of the Year

(*Continued from page* 54)

personality rather than a high talent or a careful craftsman.

This is a partial list of some of the more interesting works of fiction of the past year; the non-fiction is too varied to yield to even that loose grouping. As far as the works of political and economic analysis are concerned, it is easy to see that they have some of the characteristics noted in the novels listed above; the very titles—"The Coming American Revolution," "The Decline of American Capitalism," "Merchants of Death," "Hitler over Europe"—suggest the approach of these writers; as you look down the

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list of titles you find menaces and threats, threats either to the existing system or to the human race; even the social scientists think in what would have seemed, a few years ago melodramatic terms. Matthew Josephson's "Robber Barons" (Harcourt Brace) is a study of the careers of those capitalists who, again a few years ago, were commonly regarded as social benefactors. Mr. Josephson calls them robber barons and in his book establishes convincingly that they were robbers at least; their feudal claims remain in doubt. As a collection of a dozen biographies, the book is superior to most of the more conventional biographies of the year. The best of these—Douglas Southall Freeman's "R. E. Lee" (Scribner's), J. E. Neale's "Queen Elizabeth" (Harcourt Brace), Joseph Dorfman's "Thornstein Veblen and His America" (Viking), Avarham Yarmolinsky's "Dostoevsky" (Harcourt Brace)—are valuable and informative, but they lack the concise characterization, the apt reference to prevailing custom and opinion, the sense of a whole environment recaptured, that we expect from the best biography.

My own favorite and endlessly fruitful book of the year's non-fiction is Lewis Corey's "The Decline of American Capitalism" (Covici Friede). In spite of a sluggish and awkward prose, it is so convincing a piece of reasoning that it holds the attention and remains in the memory as works of this sort seldom do. There are few striking passages (though Mr. Corey's editorial sense of the sharpest quotation and the most striking statistic is very keen) but the whole demonstration is carried through with such dogged persistence that little remains of American capitalism by the time Mr. Corey has finished with it. American capitalism more or less declines before your eyes, its claims shrivel and all but disappear, its prophets and apologists are confounded, the pretensions of the New Deal seem more and more hollow and base. Mr. Corey strains and struggles and repeats himself while he lugs forward his proof, but the proof is convincing, and the book, for all its load of facts and figures, is dramatic in the best sense of the word.

Talk of the Nation

(*Continued from page 52*)

ing assistance on our way down the primrose path? An earlier, more rugged America managed to down its brandy and its rye without the aid of six different kinds of glasses for the one and five for the other. Grandpa's jollities over the Christmas board, as we dimly recall them, came out of the one simple style of glassware—a sizable tumbler that held everything from hot toddy to hard cider to apple brandy to cherry bounce. And grandpa, when the occasion warranted it, knew how to make himself and his guests feel thoroughly at ease, mellow, even hilarious. His wines, which were sometimes made at home but more often came from the big grocery on State Street, were imbibed all from the one wineglass (to be sure, there was more than one to the family), not from twenty-seven utterly different sizes, styles and shapes. Drinking, in grandpa's time, was never *de rigeur*—you did it for the fun of the thing.

You may say, this earlier, more rugged America didn't have the complex of strange and exotic liquors we must deal with now. True enough, they had no cocktails. The *Angel's Kiss, Satan's Whiskers, Paris Nights* and even the more simple *Dry Martini, Manhattan* and *Old Fashioned* were unknown. If you wanted a little spot of something before dinner you took it straight from the bottle, with perhaps a small glass of plain water on the side. But would grandpa, even if he had known modern alcoholic compounds, have needed one-tenth the paraphernalia a more decadent age seems to require?

Would he have needed no less than fifty-two different mechanical devices for recording and preserving the recipes of cocktails? We counted that many. The most elaborate we saw was electrically operated; at the touch of numbered buttons it flashed the desired ingredients in colored lights, a little bell ringing when your formula came up. Another permitted you to twirl a roulette wheel for your choice, lucky number voting himself a drink according to the way the ball stopped rolling. A simpler affair twisted the recipes up for you on a species of radio dial, for two dollars extra you could have the dial illuminated. Many were cunningly embossed on the sides of cocktail shakers. With these, you could not escape the agony of choice; a shift of the lid to the proper name was required to bring the prescription into view. (We, whose only choice is a *Martini,* would go surely insane if night after night we saw repeated; One Part Dry Vermouth, Two Parts Gin.)

Then there are the hundreds of cocktail shakers, designed with every possible and impossible drinking contingency in mind. A very handsome specimen, smooth and shining in chromium plate, offers a concealed thermometer to announce just the exquisite split second when the cocktail behind it can properly be absorbed; not a minute later, not a minute sooner. What your guests must do for thermostatic control while the glass lies in their hands is not revealed.

●

Nationalism

ALL OVER THE WORLD the spirit of nationalism runs rampant. Europe, America, Asia, Africa, all of them have it, the old pride and lust of country that so often helps to lead the beloved land into a messy and expensive war. Even the great experience of 1914-1918 hasn't done much to curb it; Dictators and would-be Führers make it their principal routine. It is a phenomenon that saddens peace-loving, gentle souls everywhere; in fact our most eminent pacifists make a practise of deploring nationalism in every speech.

Have they noticed quite how far the virus has spread here in our own United States? Let them look at the recent remarks on the sales tax made by one of New York City's most prominent Aldermen. When the measure came up for discussion, grave fears were expressed that the vast army of New York commuters would make all their purchases outside the city limits, where the tax could not apply. The very thought of such a thing angered our Alderman exceedingly. It would defeat the tax, cut down on the amount of relief available to the unemployed, and increase the tax burden on the already fainting shoulders of New York citizenry. That was bad enough, but there was a worse angle still; the idea of New York commuters buying elsewhere was downright disloyal. It was unpatriotic; the Alderman grew hot around the collar as he thought of it.

Why, he thundered in the Aldermanic chamber, shouldn't these *aliens* go back to the suburbs where they came from, if they couldn't obey our laws and pay our taxes?

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to keep aliens out who won't assimilate, etc., where are you going to stop? A picture rises of long deportation trains winding out of Grand Central Station, of tearful scenes on the platform of Union Station with guards herding undesirables on their way back to Spruce Gardens or whatever suburban town they came from, of unfortunates caught in the web of immigration laws pleading for shipment to Bellaire, where they had friends, rather than Garden City, where enemies were waiting for them. And think of the morning passport inspection on the 8:52, of standing in line at the Kew Gardens consulate for your visa!

The thought is rather appalling, but an even more frightening note was sounded in a recent speech from one of the district association heads, again in New York City. His exhortation commanded all loyal Blank Avenue dwellers to buy only on Blank Avenue, and not to take their money as much as one block east or west; Blank Avenue for Blank Avenue people! Lunch more than four doors away from your office would stamp you a traitor to the street that gave you life. A hat bought two blocks away, where maybe they were cheaper, would prove that you were something less than one hundred per cent. It makes the hardiest of us shiver.

Criminals with Carfare

(*Continued from page* 18)

port. But there have not been so many $300's available in anyone's budget in recent years to perform these little acts of international police courtesy. Foreign criminals remain where they are. So serious has this element become that a desperate emergency suggestion was made to the Navy Department at Washington recently to make up a boatload of these undesirables and send them back to Europe on a warship. Serious consideration was given to this proposal but to date nothing whatever has come of it.

So "distance," the new sanctuary of the criminal or the suspected criminal, to be effective, need not be great; its length really only requires that at least one boundary bisect it. That is all. Our criminals more and more are escaping successfully through the world network of boundaries. Therefore the present program of purely national crime drives, similar to the one which we have been enjoying, can be neither an adequate nor a final answer. The problem obviously can only be solved when and if it is treated as an international question, when and if we come to recognize that the man who kites cheques in Dubuque, the man who plies his trade with jimmy and crowbar after dusk in Westchester, the man who sells the Woolworth Building over and over again, the man who rob a bank by voting "Yes" at the wrong time in directors' meetings in Chicago, or by opening a safe by stealth and armed force at the right time in London, West End, is not just a local problem child but is an enemy of society everywhere.

Here Comes Your Tax Bill

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for new ways to pay old debts, could learn a few things in almost any European land, from the France of Louis Quatorze to the Italy of *Il Duce*. One thing is certain: they will soon have to dig up some fresh taxation ideas from somewhere.

In increasing degree local authorities, bogged down with deficits and delinquencies, are turning to indirect taxation, since real estate can no longer support local government in the extravagant style to which it has become accustomed. State gasoline taxes have become commonplace. Even some counties and cities take a toll from the motorist's necessities. Last year the petroleum industry was stung with 118 different taxes which yielded above $1,000,000,000. Many states have imposts on cigarettes. Since repeal others have taxed liquor directly with gallonage excise—a levy which only the Federal government employed before prohibition. A dozen states are experimenting with various forms of the sales tax. Municipalities the country over are exploring innumerable strange suggestions in their search for more revenue. New York City recently imposed a sales tax, and will have an income tax in force in 1935. With most of the states and cities in debt to their limits, and the Federal government shouldering the big end of the burden of carrying 18,000,000 Americans on public relief, the taxpayer is destined to undergo, very shortly, the worst sheering he has ever received. Probably he won't like it, but he may as well grin, for he is going to have to take it.

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